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WHEN LOVE IS FALSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

When love is false, what matters all
The fickle world can give?
When leaves turn sere and blighted fall,
Why should the stalk still live?
What matters for the casket, when
Is gone the precious gem?
When roses fade, why should we care
To save the useless stem?

And yet we strangely cling to this,
And cannot see it die.
We treasure up the chrysalis,
Though gone the butterfly.
However empty it may be,
We strive its space to fill;
The gem may lose its brilliancy,
We keep the casket still.

When love is false, then all is lost,
However bright the sky;
What matters it when tempest-tost
If others safely lie?
When love is false no sea is true,
Each wave may overwhelm,
Although the voyage were safely through
If love were at the helm.

When love is false! Ah, never speak
So falsely thus of love;
That is indeed were poor and weak
Which were not all above.
Its semblance sometimes may deceive
In eyes of black or blue;
But, though it falters, oh, believe
That love is always true.

FAIR AS A STAR;
OR,
LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,
Author of "The Cost of Conquest," "A Wife's Revenge," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

One night, in the dressing-room, one of the girls—a merry hoyden, who had been in the theatre half her life, her father being the scenic-artist—said, *apropos* of nothing but her own thoughts:

"I say, girls, Philip Craven has come back!"

There was a chorus of "Oh, my!" and "Oh, how jolly!" from most of the young ladies; one or two, who had only been in the theatre a few months, said nothing. Helen Pomfrey was one of these. She was dressing in her own corner, with a great weight upon her mind. She was to play Parthenia, the leading lady having declared herself very ill, and produced a certificate from a sympathizing doctor to that effect. It was in the week preceding the production of the new piece, for which great preparations had been made, and benefits were the order of the day.

The manager was half inclined to dismiss the leading lady; but ladies in her line were scarce just at that time, so he pocketed the doctor's certificate and Miss Angela Beauport's note with an angry oath, and told Helen Pomfrey she must do the best she could with the part.

"You won't have a very critical audience, my dear," he said kindly enough. "Have you anything to wear?"

"No."

"Ah, then we must borrow that cat's dress for you."

But "that cat," being duly apprised of the epithet by a convenient toady, flatly refused to oblige. It was no part of her engagement to find dresses for others, she said, and Helen was sent to the wardrobe with the order that the very best that could be found was to be put in order for her. The result was a long trailing dress of white cashmere with a Greek-pattern bordering of blue, which suited her complexion admirably, and made her beauty ethereal in its fairness. She was just putting the finishing touches to her costume when she heard the remark about Philip Craven, and she listened almost unconsciously to the conversation that ensued.

"Who is Philip Craven?" another girl asked.

"Who is he, my dear?" retorted the first speaker. "Why, he's everything that's nice and jolly. He's as rich as Cœsus, though he might have been as poor as Job for anything I know about him, and as handsome as Adonis. I've read about him, so I do know. He's good for lots of tickets for benefit nights, and for parties and picnics, and all sorts of nice things; and he's a good man, too."

"I should think he was, if he's that sort of fellow."

"I don't mean in that way," the girl replied with a tone of feeling in her voice. "He isn't fast, with all his jollity. He isn't the sort of man who'll say things before a girl that make her blood boil, and which she can't resent because she mustn't appear to hear them. Philip Craven remembers his mother and sisters when he talks before women, and treats every girl as a gentleman should treat an honest, pure woman. But I was not thinking of that; he's always doing some good in secret. Two years ago, when a sceneshifter fell through a trap and crippled himself for life, he hunted up the wife, poor thing, and kept her through all the trouble; and she'd lots of miserable children, and he found them a place afterwards where they could earn their living."

"How good of him!"

"Ah, he's always doing something of that sort. There was a poor girl—Mary Banks—who literally danced herself to death at Nibto's. Her mother had no one but her to help her, and she kept on till she was carried home to die. Well, Philip Craven found them out, and sent them money and things; and poor Mary died quite comfortable at last, and then he got the mother into an almshouse. I often see her, and she's very comfortable."

"Bless me, what a paragon! Is he an old man?"

"Old! No; I should say he wasn't twenty. His father is—you must have heard of him—Craven the railroad man—worth millions, they say."

Helen Pomfrey had heard of Mr. Craven—the Bantons had spoken of him more than once as a patron of theirs—and she went down to the stage with vague wonderment about his son driving the opening lines of Parthenia out of her head.

CHAPTER XIX.—LAURA LANGLEY.

Her eyes' dark charm 'twere vain to tell,
But gaze on that of the gazelle.—BYRON.

Philip Craven was all that the lively young lady in the dressing-room had claimed him to be, and more. He was just as generous and open-handed as she had said, and as kindly and companionable. But he was a thoroughly good young man into the bargain, and that without being the least objectionable. He was not one to fold his hands and say "Stand by, I am holier than thou," when he met with anything like sin. He was genial and open-hearted, and could laugh with the best. Yet no man could tax him with any doubtful dealings, and no woman had ever wept tears of useless remorse over a broken life shattered by his hand. His father was the proprietor of the ground the theatre stood on, and many acres of thickly covered land around about it. His money had gone towards the building, and he held its destinies in his hands, to do as he pleased with.

Perhaps this was the reason of the purity of the atmosphere in the place. It was well known by managers and agents that the proprietor would tolerate nothing verging on indecency or the sensationalism which has crept into the taste of the present day. He could shut up the place if the performance displeased him, and the managers knew better than that. The theatre paid. The elite of New York society came to it as a place where men could bring their wives and sisters, and not hear jokes such as no man should sit by a woman's side and listen to, or see costumes which make an honest man blush to think that Eve's daughters should go so near copying their first parent in the matter of raiment. Mr. Craven kept his box in the house, and was a frequent visitor to it.

He had been in business, and made his money by it, but he had long ago retired. Philip, his son, could remember the time when his father went to and from the counting-house, and that was all. They had been genteelfolks for many a long year, with plenty of money to keep up their state, and more of real gentility in their hearts than many a thousand who are born in the purple.

Like Mr. and Mrs. Banton, they had but one child, their idolized son, and on him they centered all their hopes. Unlike many only children, he had grown up unspoiled. His nature was stronger than Willie Banton's, his parents were more judicious, and he had come to man's estate without their ever having had any trouble with him in any way. He had never given them a moment's uneasiness on his own behalf since the nurse had placed him in his father's arms, and told him his wife was safe and his child was well and strong.

There had come a little cloud over their happiness about him lately, and the cause was the disturbing influence that comes sooner or later, we are told, with every man's life—a woman! Otway attributes to the sex all the ills that flesh is heir to, and all the evils that afflict mankind; and it was a woman's malign influence that at twenty-four years of age brought the first suspicion of discord into the peace of the Craven family. Mr. Craven opined that it was time for his son to marry, and looked about for a suitable wife for him—a wife who should do him credit in fortune, education and appearance, as well as be his helpmeet in everything that goes to make life happy. Nothing less than a paragon would do; but he found her, or thought he had, in a Miss Laura Langley, the daughter of a man who, like himself, had made a fortune and was living in honorable retirement on his well-earned means.

Rupert Langley and Philip Craven the elder had been boys together, and had grown up intimate friends, engaged in the same pursuits, plodding on to the same end, working their way up side by side to the topmost round of the commercial ladder. There had been a few years of their lives when they had been apart—when Rupert Langley had been in Europe, managing partner of the firm he belonged to in Madrid, from which place he returned with a half-Spanish wife and infant daughter. Philip Craven had married, too, in the interval, a gentle country-girl, whom he had known and loved for a long time, and had a little son, of whom he was inordinately proud and fond.

The two men resumed their old intimacy at once, and fraternized as before; but their wives did not take to each other so easily. Mrs. Craven, a simple-hearted country-woman, brought up in a New England village, was half afraid of the haughty, fiery Dolores Langley, whose black eyes flashed like polished steel when her temper was aroused, and who always reminded her of a cat. She strove hard against her prejudice, which she laid to the fact that the other lady was a foreigner. And as Mrs. Langley strove with all her might to propitiate the wife of her husband's friend, and kept down her whims and tempers—and they were many—in her presence, there was outward friendship, at least, between them.

Mrs. Langley died when her little daughter was about ten years old, and left to her husband's guidance about as wilful a little beauty as ever wore petticoats. Rupert Langley was horrified. The child had been amenable to her mother, had never troubled her father with any outbreaks of temper; but when the grave had closed over his wife, he found himself the guide and guardian of a most ungovernable little fury. The servants could do nothing with her, and governesses fled from the house after a few days' trial of the young lady's capabilities and disposition. They one and all declared her to be artful, deceitful, and unmanageable beyond endurance, and would have nothing to do with her. Her father considered, took counsel with his friend and his wife, and after due inquiry sent Miss Laura to the best and strictest school he could find, many miles from New York. He went to see her often at the school, paid liberally for everything, and was bountiful to her in the matter of pocket-money, but he did not have her home. He kept up his establishment with a tried housekeeper at its head; but nothing was heard of his daughter till one morning, some eight years after Mrs. Langley's death, Mrs. Craven, calling upon him about some trivial matter, was confronted by the loveliest and most elegant girl she had ever seen.

"My daughter Laura, Mrs. Craven," said Mr. Langley, enjoying her astonishment.

"Your daughter, Mr. Langley?" she ejaculated.

"Yes, my daughter. I daresay you forget I had one. I haven't been allowed to be oblivious of the fact, I can tell you."

"No, I hadn't forgotten it," Mrs. Craven said, shaking hands with Laura. "And I'm very glad to see her again. But ——"

"But what?"

"I thought she was a little girl," replied the good lady, forgetting the lapse of time.

"She's just one year younger than your son Philip," said Mr. Langley with a laugh, in which Laura joined, "and you'd hardly like to call your moustached hero a little boy, I guess?"

"*He* wouldn't like it, any way," the good lady replied. "Dear me, how time does fly, to be sure."

"Yes, Laura is eighteen, Mrs. Craven—come home 'finished,' according to the neatly got-up document sent with her as though she were a bale of goods—come to plunge me into a sea of troubles about love and lovers now, I suspect, just as she used to worry me with broken crockery and torn pinafores."

"I hope not, papa," said Miss Laura demurely. "I hope I shall always come to you for counsel, whatever I do."

Mrs. Craven glanced at the girl to see whether she was sincere; but there was no twinkle in her eye, no careless glance to mark that she did not intend to act in accordance with her words. She had been well tutored, and the speech seemed genuine. She was thoroughly pleased with Laura, and the feeling grew stronger the more she saw of her. Her husband liked her, too; and when the two gentlemen laid their plans and proposed a marriage between the young people, she entered into the idea with heart and soul.

Nor was Philip behindhand. Laura was the most beautiful and accomplished girl he had ever met, and he thought her the most retiring and amiable. She was heartwhole, or said she was, and cast down her eyes and blushed, when her father hinted at the subject of marriage, with the most exemplary modesty. She opened her eyes and looked at him with childlike astonishment when he asked her if she had any attachment elsewhere.

"Attachment, papa!" she said. "Why, I have only just come from school. How could I?"

"True, child," Mr. Langley replied, little recking of the ways of boarding-school young ladies, nor of how much misery can be hatched in the primmest of seminaries. "Of course, you can have seen no one to love yet?"

"No one, papa."

"And you like Philip Craven?"

"I shall, I am sure, when I know him better," the dutiful daughter replied gravely.

And so the matter was begun by the old folks for the young ones. And Philip lost, not his heart, but his head, and was bewitched by Laura Langley's wonderful beauty. He came to know in the aftertime that the feeling he had for her was not love. When Cupid really knocked at the door of his heart and found his way in, he knew that he had no taste of the winged imp's elysium in his converse with Rupert Langley's daughter.

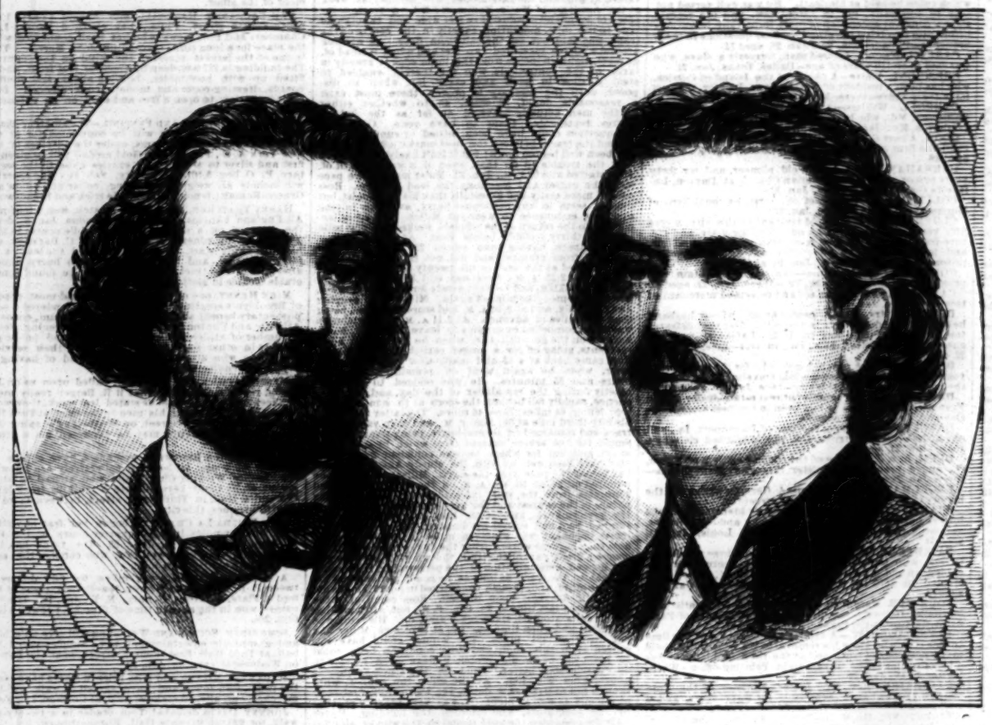
But when the affair was first mooted, and he found himself envied by all his acquaintances for his good luck, when the loveliest girl of New York was thrown into his arms, as it were, and her fortune laid at his feet, who can wonder that he was lifted out of himself, and believed that he loved the dark-eyed Laura above all created beings?

She was splendidly beautiful. She had all her mother's grace of feature and warmth of coloring, which generally made Mrs. Langley so attractive, without the soupçon of coarseness, which was apt to render her repellant when anything put her out. She accepted all her lover's devotion with girlish modesty, and when he asked her to marry him said "Yes" in a shy, maidenly fashion, which was quite refreshing.

She blushed when he strained her to his heart and kissed her pouting red lips with passionate ardor; but she could blush with the most timid girl that ever trembled before a schoolmistress, and be as shy as ever was cooing dove. She had all the worst qualities of her mother's nature, and all her secretiveness to help her hide them. What she had been as a child she was as a woman; but school had taught her to hide her feelings and keep down her true nature.

When Philip Craven took her to his heart and whispered loving words anent the future they should spend together, she had another man's letter in her bosom, the betrothal-ring of another lover on her finger. It was a match of which she knew her father would utterly disapprove—a worthless adventurer, with nothing but a handsome face and an impudent swagger. But he had caught her fancy, and managed to scrape acquaintance with her, and to carry on a pretty brisk correspondence with her before she left school.

She was biding her time now. She had not the smallest intention of marrying the man her father had chosen, but he did very well for a blind to cover the attentions of the real object of her affections. She concealed her intrigue admirably; but, when she found she was being pushed to extremity, that matters were being arranged for her marriage, and there would be no loophole left for her to creep through, she eloped one night with the fortune-hunter who had compromised her, and was married to him the next day, before her father had time to discover what had become of her.



TWO DISTINGUISHED OPERATIC TENORS.
SIGNOR NICOLINI. SIGNOR CAMPANINI.

CHAPTER XX.—LOVE.

And whence comes love? Like morning light,
Love comes not at thy call.
And when dies love? A spirit bright,
Love never dies at all.—"INGOMAR."

Philip Craven's first experience of a woman's love was a bitter one, and he went abroad with a sore heart—for he thought he had loved Laura Langley—and roamed through Europe till the wound was healed, and he could think of the faithless beauty with no stronger feeling than contempt.

"Don't try to make up any more marriages for me, mammie, dear," Mrs. Craven's son said to her when their welcomes and greetings were over, and the young man had settled down again. "I don't fancy I shall ever think of matrimony."

"Has the experience been so very bitter, my boy?" asked the mother, with a smile and a sigh. "Never is a long time to talk of before a man is twenty-five years old."

"I didn't think anything could have been so bitter," he said. "How does Mr. Langley bear it? You have never said much about him."

"He is pained and humiliated more than words can tell. He has come to look twenty years older in the past twelve months. It has gone straight to his heart like a shot. He was so proud of her."

"And how is *she*? What has become of her?"

"Surely you do not care for her still, my boy?" said Mrs. Craven, looking at her son with keen anxiety.

"Not a jot, mother. The question was one of curiosity."

"I'm glad of that. I was afraid you was suffering from her perfidy still."

"Suffering? No! The pain has gone by. She has destroyed my faith in womankind—dispelled the dream that comes to all men some time, I suppose, that there may be happiness in life shared by a woman. I shall have such delusive visions no more."

"My dear boy, don't talk in that cynical fashion. There's plenty of happiness in the world where Laura Langley or women like her can never come. Is there no happiness in our home? Your father has passed his life with a woman, and not found it so very hard to endure."

"You dear old mammie," her son said, hugging her in true boyish fancy, and laughing at the same time. "Nothing could be hard to bear where you are. Don't I know that my dear old dad is the happiest man alive? Of course I'm cynical, and we won't talk about this wretched business any more after to-day. Is she—Mrs. Delahage—in New York?"

"No."

"I'm thankful to hear it. I shan't meet her. Has the match turned out well? Has her father forgiven her?"

"He never speaks of her. He allows them something I believe. I hear Delahage turned out to be nothing better than a swindler—some unprincipled fellow who had run away from his creditors in Paris. Anyway, his wife is paying dear for her folly."

Philip Craven spoke of his faithless love no more. He turned that page of his life's history with a resolute hand, and never looked at it again.

"Where are you going, lad?" his father asked him an evening or two after his return home, as he rose somewhat early from the dinner-table.

"Down to the theatre," he answered.

"I suppose you keep your box?"

"Oh, yes! Will you come, mother?"

"I don't know," Mrs. Craven said. "I think I've seen the piece that's running. I don't care to see it again."

"The run's over," her husband remarked. "They're having a kind of miscellaneous week before they bring out 'Duty.' Beach me the paper, Phil, and let us see what is going on."

Philip reached the paper and read that there was to be a grand ticket-night that evening at the —— Theatre, on which occasion would be performed "Ingomar, the Son of the Wilderness," and two favorite farces. Mr. Craven laid down the paper with a grimace.

"No," he said; "that's more than mortal nerves can stand. 'Ingomar' is proxy enough at any time, and I shouldn't care to see Miss Reardon in Parthenia—it isn't her style."

"Ah, then I'll go by myself," the young man said. "I haven't been to the old place for so long that I think I can stand even Bessie Reardon's Parthenia. She's pretty yet, and one has to forget the wrinkles under the paint when she's acting, you know."

"Ah, there's more than wrinkles now, and she doesn't look younger for it," said Mrs. Craven with a smile. "I think you'll soon have enough of 'Ingomar.'"

"I daresay I shall; but I'll go for an hour, at all events."

He took his hat and lounged down to the theatre, thinking as he went of the last time he had been there. He had Laura Langley with him, and he remembered how fiercely the fresh young beauty had criticised the leading lady, and commented upon her age. It was true, certainly, that Miss Bessie Reardon was anything but a girl. She had been before the public for a great many years in England, and had never lost her hold upon popular favor. She was equally liked in America, though there was no disguising the fact that in the daytime, and without any "make-up," she looked old and worn. Still she was favorite enough at the theatre to give herself a great many airs, as witness the freak of this particular night. Philip Craven thought he should very much like to see her again, for she was a bright, intelligent woman, with a thorough knowledge of the world. He had a very pleasant recollection of many a greenroom gossip during waits, and he entered the theatre glad to see the old, familiar faces once more. He was warmly greeted by the employes about the front of the house, who all knew him, and were glad to see him back.

"Come to see the old place again, Mr. Craven?" the manager said, shaking hands with him.

"Yes; and the people. Many changes?"

"Not many."

"Ah, Reardon, and Stanley, and all the old set, I suppose. I wanted my mother to come down with me to-night. But she said she couldn't stand Bessie in Parthenia."

"She wouldn't have seen her."

"No?"

"No!"

The manager pointed to a little notice on the wall announcing that, in consequence of the "severe indisposition" of Miss Reardon, the part of Parthenia would be undertaken by Miss Helen Pomfrey."

"What's the matter with her?" asked Philip.

"Only the audience, I suspect," was the answer, with a shrug. "Bessie never will play to a ticket-night if she can help it. However, it's all orthodox. I've got a doctor's certificate that she's ill."

"And who's Miss Helen Pomfrey?"

"That's more than I can tell you. No one seems to know. She's a very useful young lady. I hope she won't break down. I've never tried her in anything so big before."

Philip went into his box, feeling rather sorry he should not have a chat with lively, piquant Bessie Reardon, and resolving to go home when he had just seen the beginning of the play. He was not destined to see the commencement, for one or two old acquaintances whom he had not seen since his return met him, and carried him off to the saloon for a glass and a gossip, and kept him for some time before they would permit him to go in.

"We'll all go together by-and-bye, Craven," said one of them. "We've taken a box to oblige that old scene-painting fellow that's been here so long. It's the one next to yours. Ha! here's Harris! He's been sitting in solitary state from the very beginning. Wouldn't miss a line of the stupidest farce that ever was written, even to make that moustache of his turn from fluff to genuine hair."

"It's you that are missing something now," said the newcomer, a fair, boyish-looking young fellow of about nineteen or thereabouts. "No, I won't have a cigar, thank you; I'm going back directly."

"The sweet youth is bewitched," said another of the group, laughing. "You know Teddy Harris, don't you, Phil? The child's grown, but he's the same sweet, unsophisticated baby as ever. Look at him, and admire the freshness that can enjoy 'Ingomar' by a stock company on a ticket-night."

They all laughed, and Philip held out his hand to the young fellow, who took all their chaff in perfectly good part.

"Of course I remember Teddy Harris," he said, "and I'm very glad to meet him again. Never mind them, Teddy, my boy; keep your freshness as long as you can. It is a fine thing not to be blase before your beard has grown."

"Oh, I don't mind them. They may chaff as they like," Mr. Harris replied. "But you're all losing a treat."

"How? Is Stanley bellowing like a bull of Bashan, as usual?"

"No. He's very quiet. It's the Parthenia. She's stunning."

"Is she?"

"Yes, she is. If you don't believe me, come and see her. That's her entrance," he added, as a roar of applause echoed through the theatre, and he hurried off not to lose any more of the play.

"By Jove! something has waked them up," one of the others said, and, finishing their glasses, they lounged into the front of the house.

"What love is, if thou wouldst be taught,
Thy heart must teach alone;
Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one,"

were the words that broke upon Philip Craven's ear as he had entered his box. He had heard them before often enough, but never in the rich, soft accents that spring from real feeling. Certainly he never before heard such a voice as that which was uttering them now, nor saw such a face as was looking down at the Ingomar lying at her feet. If that was the Greek girl of the author's imagination, it was no wonder that the wildest savage that ever preyed upon civilisation should be content to lay down his arms and be shaven and shorn at her bidding. Her wonderful beauty was enough to subdue the wildest. And the young man who so short a time ago had declared that he should never care for any woman more lost his heart to her in that moment of beholding her. The love that he had never known till now sprang into his heart full-grown, and took it captive.

"It is a flame a single look will kindle,
But not an ocean quench,"

says the lovely slave, and Philip Craven was an example of the truth of the passage. The first glance of those pleading violet eyes—so dark in their intensity that they looked almost black—had kindled a flame within him which not an ocean of anxiety and sorrow and afterworry could ever extinguish. The love that Helen Pomfrey's fair face started into being that night remained unchanged through his life.

Helen was not conscious at first of the rapt, attentive gaze with which she was being regarded by the newcomer. She was absorbed in her part, and very nervous. She had got over her dread of failure pretty well; but the unmistakably genuine applause which greeted her, and the delight which grew more and more enthusiastic as the piece went on, almost terrified her; she had been so much in the background hitherto that she could hardly believe she was making a success. Two or three bouquets fell at her feet when the scene was over—neither very rare nor very costly ones—tributes, indeed, intended for Miss Reardon by humble admirers, but bestowed upon her substitute in honest admiration and pleasure. A flower came amongst them—a solitary rose, fresh, fragrant and of rare beauty—a rose that never grew untended in any ordinary garden or figured in any florist's window.

Helen loved flowers, and she knew enough of them to be well aware that the hand which sent her such a simple yet costly and elegant tribute of admiration must have the handling of more than ordinary means. It was not a flower any common person would have thought of buying. Someone with taste and feeling, too, she thought, as involuntarily she lifted the flower to her face and inhaled its perfume, curtseying to her admirers the while in pleased gratitude. When she lifted her eyes she knew in a moment from where the rose had come—from the young man in the handsome box she knew so well as Mr. Craven's, and who was gazing at her with intense feeling in his honest-looking eyes.

So that was Philip Craven, was it?—she thought. Well, the girls had certainly not overrated his appearance in speaking of him. He was very handsome, and looked so thoroughly good. She sighed somehow, as she went away to her dressing-room after the audience had applauded her till they were weary, and thought what a pity it was that Willie Banton had not been more like him.

The piece went on to the end, and their eyes kept meeting, as eyes are apt to do when they have shot the first glance at one another. It came to an end, and Helen Pomfrey went up to her dressing-room feeling as though some new, strange influence had come into her life with the fall of that velvet-leaved, perfumed flower at her feet. The manager patted her on the shoulder, and complimented her on her performance, and her companions congratulated her with sincerity, for they liked her unobtrusive gentleness, and were glad to see her succeed. But her head was in a whirl, and she could hardly reply to their exclamations and questions. She could only think of her ose she held in her hand, and the handsome face with the speaking eyes which had been framed by the curtains of Mr. Craven's box.

TO BE CONTINUED.

OPERATIC CELEBRITIES.

ITALIO CAMPANINI, the tenor-singer, was born in Parma, Italy, in June, 1846. He made his debut in Russia, where he remained three years, and made his first great hit at Bologna, Italy, as Lohengrin in Wagner's opera of that name. He then sang in Milan and through Europe with signal success, and was subsequently engaged by Mr. Mapleson, making his first appearance at Drury-lane, London, Eng., in 1872, as Gennaro in "Lucrezia Borgia." He made his debut in America in 1875. He has won a large share of public patronage from our opera-goers, especially during the past season, on the occasion of his reappearance here with the Mapleson troupe. He possesses a good stage presence and an excellent voice, in which there are both power and quality. As a lyric actor he sustains high rank. His vocal efforts he guides with artistic skill, producing strong dramatic effects or the most graceful expression, his phrasing being of more than ordinary merit. Impulsive and exhibiting much of the Italian warmth, he carries his hearers with him, often turning aside criticism by the enthusiasm created by his passionate delivery. Combining the qualities of a *tenor di grazia* and a *tenor robusto*, he occupies an exceptional and a foremost position among the lyric artists of the present day.

SIGNOR NICOLINI, the well-known Italian operatic tenor-singer, was born in 1830. For the past six or seven years he has occupied a prominent position on the lyric stage, and has latterly been closely identified with the operatic engagements of Adelina Patti. He has sung both in London, Eng., and in New York, and met with a large measure of success. His voice is of excellent quality, marred somewhat by an excessive use of the *vibrato*, and as an actor he ranks superior to most operatic tenors. He has sung in the most opposite parts, and won a large measure of success.

THE DEATH-RATA OF EUROPE.—A Russian statistician has lately undertaken to find out at what rate people die in Europe, and the result of his labors show the following yearly proportion of deaths out of every thousand souls: Russia, 37.5; Hungary, 37.2; Bavaria, 31.7; Wurtemburg, 31.7; Austria, 31.3; Spain, 30.5; Italy, 30.3; Germany, 27.8; France, 26.5; Switzerland, 23.8; Belgium, 23.7; Great Britain, 22.3; Denmark, 19.5; Norway and Sweden, 18.2. It will be seen from this that the mortality is greatest in Russia, whereas Norway and Sweden seem to be the healthiest of the countries. France ranks fourteenth on the list, and shows a slight advantage over Germany, but a difference for the worse of four per cent. between herself and England. In the city of New York the death-rate for the past year was 28.28 in every thousand—that is, we rank between France and Switzerland. In London, however, the death-rate for 1877 was 21.79, a difference of 6.49 between the two towns. These figures show how much room there is for increased attention to the laws of hygiene.

A SIN OF "CO"-MISSION.—Embezzling a partner's profits.

THE DANCE OF THE DEAD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE, FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The sexton looked forth, at the mid-hour of night,
O'er the tombs where the dead were reclining;
The moon, at its full, gave a great, ghostly light,
And the churchyard as day was shining.
First one, then another—oh, terrible sight!—
Each grave opened wide, and, in gowns long and white,
The dead all arose from their sleeping,
Bound the tombs grimly dancing and leaping.

In a skeleton ring, then, together they hung,
While they danced as the waves of the ocean—
The poor and the rich and the old and the young,
But their long grave-clothes hindered their motion;
And, as here no modesty held its broad sway,
They all shook them off, and around them there lay
Their winding sheets, here and there scattered,
And they naked—but little that mattered.

In a frenzy of joy then they swung their long shanks,
Their slim fingers in unison snapping,
And they clacked and they clacked as they played their wild pranks,
As though timber on timber were clapping.
Then the sexton laughed loudly again and again,
And mischief gave o'er the thought to his brain:
"Now quickly—'tis joking, not thieving—
Steal a winding-sheet! None are perceiving!"

It was done; and then swiftly he fled in affright
Behind the great door of the tower,
While the dance still continued, the moonbeams bright
O'er the weird scene still holding their power.
At last it was o'er; and the skeleton crowd,
One after another, each slipped on its shroud;
Then into their cold graves they glided,
And silence once more presided.

But one, 'tis the last, trips and stumbles along,
And eager each tombstone it scratches;
But none of its comrades have done it this wrong,
For the scent in the air now it catches.
The church-gate it rattled, but backward was pressed;
To the joy of the sexton the door had been blessed—
With crosses of iron 'twas covered,
And angels' wings over it hovered.

Its shroud it must have, else it rests not again,
For soon will its last hour be chiming;
The columns it grasps, the high tower to attain,
From summit to summit still climbing.
Oh sad for the sexton, for swifter it glides,
And onward it rushes in wonderful strides!
O mischief! 'tis thou hast undone him!
Heaven help him! 'tis almost upon him.

The sexton grew pale, in his horror he shook,
And the shroud would have yielded with gladness;
Nearer, nearer it came, then its last leap it took
In a frenzy of rage and of madness.
For an instant the moon no longer shone:
"One!" thundered the clock in a terrible tone:
Its limbs through the air wildly dashing,
Down—down—fell the skeleton crashing!

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

THE RED SIGNAL,
OR WINTER-LIFE ON THE RAIL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY MNEMOSYNE.

"Do you think you can get through?"

"Yes, if steam and iron and steel can do it," replied Dick Elliott, patting the brightly kept brasses of his engine as if it had been some mammoth pet.

"But," continued the superintendent hesitatingly, "you know the telegraphic reports of deep snow in the cuts, frozen switches, and all that sort of thing?"

"Can't help it," was the confident response. "Dick Elliott and the 'Monarch' have never yet been stopped—never lost a single trip since I first put my hand on the lever and made the whistle talk."

"Well, it is very important to make the run, but many of the boys think it impossible."

The heavily-moustached lip of the engineer curled with scorn. Day and night for ten years he had made his connections; had been singularly fortunate; was brave to the very core of his heart; a man possessed of uncommon strength, and, more than all, believed in himself and that his engine could accomplish even supernatural things. Implicit faith also had he in his fireman. Together they had defied tempest and darkness; had overleaped broken rails; dashed over swaying bridges, and sped through flaming timber and burning prairie without blanching of cheek or quivering of nerve.

"What do you think, Charley?" he questioned, turning to the fireman. "Can we get through?"

"Of course!" was the answer. "If we can't, nobody can; and what the 'Monarch' can't do there is no use for anything to try."

Dick Elliott laughed pleasantly, and announced to the superintendent his readiness to start as soon as steam was gotten up.

Still the official hesitated. Human life was held at some value by him, and he knew and appreciated the worth of such a man as Elliott—a man to be always trusted and true as steel.

"I wish you to calculate the chances well, Dick," he said. "I am the very last to send another to death, and especially such a brave fellow as you. Truthfully speaking, I think there is considerable doubt about you being able to get through, and there is danger in the undertaking. Besides, your life is not the only one to be weighed. Your wife and children ——"

"Don't!" interrupted the engineer, drawing the sleeve of his coat over his eyes—"don't talk of them. If anything should happen you would see they did not suffer. I know you would, and Jennie would sooner I died like a man than slunk away from danger like a coward. Go and fire up, Charley, and we'll start."

"You are a noble fellow, Dick," said the official, grasping the honest, toil-stained hand, "and your wife and children shall not be forgotten if anything ——"

"Oh," was the cheery interruption, "nothing will happen more than a breakdown, and I'll soon come whistling back and laugh at the men who are afraid of a little rough weather and snow."

A telegram was at that moment placed in the hand of the superintendent, and his face darkened as he read it aloud:

"Line down at Marston. No communication beyond."

"And," interposed the engineer, wavering for an instant, "the long drawbridge over the Deep River is beyond, and —— (immediately recovering his hardihood) but no matter, the tender is a careful fellow, and the red light will certainly be burning if anything is wrong. All ready, Charley? Well, I'll just run over and bid Jennie and the little ones good-bye, and get a pail of dinner and ——"

"You need not trouble yourself about that," said the superintendent. "I'll see you have plenty to eat and money in case of," he was about to say, "accident," but changed it to "delay."

"Good enough! See that the fire is brisk, plenty of steam, and everything well oiled, Charley, and it will take something worse than any snow-drift I ever saw to stop us."

The fireman did his duty faithfully, the official did not forget his promises, and after a few words of explanation and consolation to his wife, and kisses for both her and the babies, Dick Elliott stepped aboard his engine, pulled open, whistled shrilly and defiantly, and the "Monarch" dashed away to battle with sleeted tempest and darkness and dangers unknown amid the enthusiastic cheers of an admiring crowd.

For miles the run was safe and speedy. Without pausing, except for water, they dashed by farm-house and through village, whirling the snow from the pilot as foam from the swiftly-driven prow of steamer in mid-ocean.

"We'll soon reach Marston," said the engineer cheerily, "and, if we find nothing worse ahead, will make good time."

"Yes," replied the fireman, leaning out of the cab and glancing somewhat anxiously ahead; "but, you know, there is a long and deep cut between us and the station, and we are certain to find trouble there."

Dick Elliott looked closely at the steam-gauge, and noticed with pleasure the strong, smooth working of the machinery. The speed at which they were running was rapid. In the language of the craft, the Monarch "was chawing her breakfast," otherwise fast consuming coal and creating steam proportionately. He knew by repeated tests the power of the monster machine, the perfect reliability of its brake, and rather courted an encounter with the deeply-piled and compact drift he saw in the Marston Cut.

"It will be more than ten feet of snow that will stop us," he muttered from between set teeth and compressed lips, as he stood ready to "pull her open" while nearing the obstacle.

A moment later they were plunging into the drift, buried and as a stand-still. Even the Monarch had found forces in nature it could not overcome by any ordinary effort, and a shadow of disappointment flitted over the face of Elliott as he backed out to increase speed and power for a second trial.

With the rush of a whirlwind the large engine dashed forward, pressed deeply, gained a few feet, and then stopped, trembling in every joint and the drivers revolving ceaselessly, the snow a more compact mass ahead, and tumbling down upon them as if to forever bury them from sight.

"We can't do it," said the fireman. "For once we have met our match."

"Have we?" answered Elliott. "I'll show you. We'll go through or be wrecked!"

Again the Monarch was backed, steam increased, the throttle jammed open, and, as some monster with brow of steel and jaws of flame, the engine forged ahead, struggled, shivered, paused, fairly bellowed as in wrath, and then it shot ahead, leaving the track cumbered with the displaced snow, and dashed in triumph up to the station at Marston.

The news sped backward along the wires, thrilling the hearts at home, but beyond all was a blank. Nothing could be learned but rumors of disaster, immense drifts, crippled trains and dangerous bridges.

"Tell the old man," said Elliott to the telegraph operator, speaking of the superintendent, as he sprang aboard again, "that I am bound to go through or bust."

"It will be bust for certain, and you are a venturesome fool, Dick," was the answer.

The "Monarch" waited not for orders, and the brave engineer failed to hear the comments upon his tempting death. The track for a few miles from the station was air-line clear, and they rapidly passed from sight to accomplish the purpose or leave the engine a hopeless mass of broken and twisted iron, and two mangled and frozen corpses.

Onward over the treacherous rails, through snow and ice, over cracking culverts and rocking bridges, they sped on as if driven by doom. The milestones seemed almost as the stones in a graveyard, so swiftly they ran. In the thickening gloom of night, in a wild and terrible storm of driving sleet, beneath a moonless and starless sky, they sped on, with furnace crowded, steam hissing and whistle screaming an demoniac laughter—running a mad race against time and the elements and death! To those on the engine it was triumph in the present, no matter how dearly purchased in the future; to those who gazed at the fiery-hearted monster dashing through the gloom it was, indeed, as if the burning pit of the hereafter had been transported to earth and harnessed to wheels.

With hand on lever, with head out of the cab-window, stood the engineer; with hand on bell-rope and whistle, and eagerly watching from the opposite side, was the fireman, and both riding a race that would never be banished from memory—if they survived to tell the story, and in the wild excitement danger was forgotten. They were lifted above it by the thrill of doing what others dared not; there was something in the might of conquest that made them for the time superior to fear. It was not a case where

"Doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt."

With flushed cheeks, smile-parted lips, flashing eyes and braced nerves and muscles they gave no heed to the thousand dangers ahead—almost longed to have them rise defiant in their path—so strange a paradox is man.

A sudden, sharp curve, and they awoke from the dream of security to a sense of the situation—to a forcible, realistic view of what was before. The fireman leaned to the engineer, and shouted so as to be heard even above the jarring and clashing of machinery and elemental war:

"We will soon be upon Deep River Bridge, and ——"

"God help us if we cannot see the red signal, and anything is wrong," and thought and heart flew back to the wife and little ones waiting prayerfully and tearfully for his return.

There was not another word spoken—the heart was too full for meaningless words; but with strained eyes and bated breath and troubled brain they looked ahead—fearing, hoping, doubting.

Another curve, a short, straight, down-grade run, and they would thunder over the long bridge, if, indeed, it remained still standing—if the draw had not been swung open for the passage of ice running in mad, rioting, destructive force with the swollen current towards the sea.

"!!?" Never in their lives, perhaps never in that of any man, was more concentrated in that little word; never more surely hung upon it life and widowhood and orphanage, wreck and mangled limbs and crushed-out breath! Years are condensed into a heart-throb, an instant of agonized prayer into a pulse-beat; all of hopes are swift as the flashing of a sunbeam; all of love into a single glimpse of heaven; all of despair into a fleeting shadow, and all the dread and horror of death into a spasm.

The curve was made; the track lay straight before them; Dick Elliott leaned still farther out and gazed ahead with strained eyes. The sleety snow had thickened, was driven more furiously on by the howling wind, and clung to everything it touched until the scene was as that of Arctic land and Polar terrors.

"Charley," whispered the engineer hoarsely, "can you see the signal at the bridge?"

"See?" answered the fireman, "a man might as well be blind."

"Then Heaven keep us!"

"Why not stop and ——"

"Be forever taunted as a coward! Never! Jump if you are afraid. I go through, engine and all!"

The hands of the two men almost involuntarily met in a grasp of the most brave friendship, and the eyes flashed determination. Whatever befel one would both, and, with bell ringing and whistle screaming

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1879.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

WHENEY, Springfield.—"Please publish proposition. Y and W playing poker. W calls. Says: 'I know I got a nine full.' W says: 'A nine full is beat.' Y shows his nine full, and W then shows a king full. Who wins?"—Y wins. W's acknowledgment was legal. The case is not analogous to that in which a player misspells his own hand. There is a special rule to govern the latter case. The former is analogous to the case of a player who throws his hand on top of the pack. The five cards are there, they can easily be separated from the others, but they are dead nevertheless, for the reason that the throwing-up of the hand is a confession of defeat that cannot be annulled by subsequently proving that it held four aces. W either misjudged his own hand, or he told an untruth. There is no rule to protect him in either case. If W had said that the nine-full was not good, Y could have called for a show of W's cards. Being told that nines were good, Y had no need to call for such a show, and he could not be compelled to take them into account. It is the same as if W had said he had four noses when he had but a pair. Nothing could compel Y to call for a show of those noses. He could, if he believed in W's honesty, take W's word for it that the latter held the winning hand. And he takes W's word as to the winning hand now.

JOHN IRON, Holyoke.—"Will you please answer the following through your correspondence column? 1. Is Gilhooley dead? 2. If it takes a man fifteen minutes to jump fifteen feet into the air, how long will it take for him to come down again? 3. How many sparrows are there in a flock? 4. If orchid is not yet born, when will be his birthday? 5. If a log is ten feet in length, three feet in diameter, with the bark on, how many toothpicks will it produce? I here made a bet that THE CLIPPER would give more than one question, but would not write, provided they did not go into private affairs and there was no vulgarity; and these are the questions furnished."—1. Yes; and a thousand other Gilhooleys are alive and dead. 2. He ought not have to come down, since he can jump fifteen feet "into the air" without going up at all. 3. Six or more. 4. The day on which he is born. 5. It depends upon the thickness of the bark, unless the picks are for the teeth of a self-grown elephant, in which case it will depend upon the length and breadth of the elephant's tooth.

CONSTANT READER, Cambridge.—Let us begin by selling you that that is not euchre. If you agree to "call for your partner's best," I agree also as to everything else. Your game can be varied in a thousand or more different ways; but that is no reason why we should make or adopt a thousand or more different rules for every game. You could not remember one-tenth of them; and, if we should write or print them in books, an ordinary house would scarcely be large enough to hold them all. A modification of euchre, designed for the "benefit" of innocent gentlemen traveling on railroad-trains. It is called "railroad euchre," is played with thirty-three cards (Jokers and pennits "calling for partner's best" on both sides, and permits "calling for partner's best" to be going alone, or not going alone, as you please. But you do not appear to have been playing railroad-joker-euchre; and even if you were, you should have agreed as to the way to play it.

M. M., West Philadelphia.—Count whatever you agree upon. In the game of pedro proper, the only counting points are high, low, jack, game, and pedro, the last being the five-spot, which counts five, and counts for both sides, as it is possible to give a special value to every card in the pack, but doing so does not make the game pedro. To these cards of special value are given the various names of bernardo, "whiskers," "whiskers and a half," and "bigger," which was their last appearance in that city.

W. BAILEY AND W. CLARK.—The Derby Stakes, run for at Epsom, Eng., annually, is for three-year-old colts and fillies, and was first run for in the year 1780. The Oaks Stakes, run for at the same meeting, is for three-year-old fillies. The Derby is run for on Wednesdays and the Oaks on Fridays.

W. F. WELCH, Philadelphia.—Your best plan would be to try and get a chance to appear in public, and if you make a hit engagements will speedily follow. See some of the managers of the variety theatres in this city, show them what you can do, and ask for opportunity to perform one night or at a matinee.

SUBSCRIBER, New Straitville.—Rule 10 of the Syracuse rules reads: "In billing the cocks for the fight, if one cock refuses and the other shows fight, the one showing shall win the match." All the principal rules are contained in the "Manual of Sporting Rules," which you can buy for 50 cents from Ed. James, 207 Second avenue, N. Y.

J. S. B., St. James' Parish.—1. 4. The salaries of double-trapeze performers and acrobats depend entirely upon the reputation and ability of the performers and the length of the engagement. They range from $30 to $100 per week.

J. N. P., Brooklyn.—If your opponent persists in excluding the trade-dollar "on the ground that it is not legal-tender," do you consent to exclude it? If you refuse to wager, and the trade-dollar makes a draw of it, since it has several values, viz., one hundred cents at the grocer's or butcher's, 92 to 96 cents among brokers, will not be taken by banks, and will depend on the Treasury at bullion only. Observe that your proposition is a compound one: "J. N. B. bets T. D. that two half-dollars or four quarter dollars do not contain more silver, and are not worth more, than a trade-dollar or a silver dollar."

ROYAL NIRE, Quebec.—You can neither secure engagements nor command any salary until you have successfully performed in public. Your aim should be to secure benefits (which are generally by volunteering for some benefit, or showing some manager what you can do and get him to let you perform one night for nothing. If you make a hit, engagements will follow, and your salary will depend upon your popularity. Any leader of orchestra can supply you with music. The persons named are considered good performers.

D. H., Jersey City.—1. According to the rules of the New York A. C., the division of weight for boxing competition is fixed as follows: Feather, 115lb and under; light, 135lb and under; middle, 145lb and under; heavy, over 145lb. The English amateur champion sports the weights are: Light, 140lb and under; middle, 158lb and under; heavy, over 158lb.

J. C., Galveston.—Since answering your question a gentleman living in New Orleans, La., informs us that "Leona Dare, or Mlle. Zoe, as she was called some time ago, was taught the trapeze business in New Orleans by George Scott, now professionally known as George Leon of the Leon Brothers," two lonely boys, "from here she went to Texas and performed as Mlle. Zoe."

CONSTANT READER, Salem.—1. James E. Owens defeated J. H. McLaughlin in a catch-as-catch-can match, and afterwards won the belt now in his possession in a contest with Chas. Murphy in this city. Since then he has defeated Jacob Martin, C. Murphy and Chas. Conner in championship matches. 2. Owens has not accepted Dufur's challenge.

H. AND T.—1. Sexton never played in a tournament with Vignaux. He has played with him in Paris and in a 400-point exhibition game in Albany, N. Y., only. 2. Sexton was at one time employed in the billiard-room of the Grand Central Hotel. 3. Sexton was a professional when Vignaux left this country, and had been for many years before that.

CONSTANT READER, Hartford.—1. A's high wins. Holding that, he could with impunity let B make low, jack and game. To save time, however, he ought to have played low first. It would be discourteous to kill an opponent with one stroke, instead of prolonging his agony or raising hopes only to crush them. 2. At all-fours or section pitch, the point is immaterial. There is no calling-outs, and no "high."

W. M., Oakaloosa.—If you can do what you say you can, you should be able to get an engagement with some sideshow. Your best plan would be to advertise for such an engagement, setting forth all your qualifications. It is not necessary to have paintings, yet they would be of great service. Their cost would depend upon their size. 3. Salary would depend entirely upon your success.

E. E. F., West Meriden.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keen began a two weeks' engagement April 2, 1866, in the Boston (Mass.) Theatre. This engagement was abruptly terminated by the illness of Mr. Keen April 10, when "Louis XI" was being performed. They played "Hamlet" in "The Gamester," which was their last appearance in that city.

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THE RING.

THE LIGHT-WEIGHTS IN COURT.

The examination of John H. Clark, John King and Arthur Chambers on the charge of consenting to engage in a prize-fight was held at the Central Station, Philadelphia, Jan. 24. Several witnesses were placed on the stand, but no information other than that already in possession of the authorities was elicited. Rufus E. Shapley, counsel for the Police Department, testified that he had advised the Mayor that parties who formed a conspiracy in Pennsylvania to fight in Canada or any other place would be amenable to the laws of this State. As the Mayor was desirous of breaking up these exhibitions, he asked on his behalf that the matter be returned to court. The accused were placed under $1,000 bail each for trial. Wm. H. Hyatt, who was one of the witnesses, requests the publication of the following: "I was subpœned as a witness only the day previous to the hearing. I was the first witness called, but previous to being called on the stand I was invited into the Chief's private office, and asked the question by Mr. Shapley, representing the Mayor, where I thought the fight was to take place. I said Canada. He remarked: 'I think so, too.' That was all the conversation I had in relation to the matter with him, and at the time I did not know who he was. When the case was called I was placed on the witness-stand first, and, in response to a question from Shapley, I answered that I knew the defendants. I was present at a meeting at *The Item* office, I think in November. Chambers and Clark were there. I don't remember whether King was there. I was then asked: 'Were any arrangements made for a prize-fight in Canada?' Mr. Badiman, the opposite counsel, then said: 'What arrangements? just tell us what was done.' I was rather surprised to hear him make such a remark, as he represented the defendants. Question by Mr. Shapley—'Did you see a written agreement?' 'I did not.' 'Were you requested to witness it?' 'I was.' Mr. Shapley then said: 'It wasn't requisite; there were two other witnesses.' 'Who were present at the meeting?' 'Mr. Sheppard of Boston was there.' 'Who else?' 'Mr. Edwards of *The Item* was there.' 'When was the fight to take place?' 'On the 21st of January.' It was evident to me that some person who knew had informed the Mayor or his counsel concerning what transpired at the meeting. How else could Mr. Shapley know that I was asked to witness the articles? I saw from the beginning of Mr. Shapley's questioning that some one had posted him in regard to what occurred at *The Item* office the day of the meeting. I am willing to be sworn that I had no conversation with any of the officials or with Mr. Shapley previous to the hearing, except when I was called from among the audience into the Chief's room, and what transpired there is narrated above. I make this explanation in justice to myself, as it looked very singular that I should be called into the private room just previous to being placed on the witness-stand, and it might appear to some persons that I had imparted information to Mr. Shapley in regard to the case; but such was not the fact."

DEATH OF BILLY CARROLL.

The Baltimore boxer whose name heads this article died on the afternoon of Tuesday, Jan. 21, at his residence, No. 51 Jefferson street, Louisville, Ky., a victim of pneumonia. Deceased's right name was Bonny, he having assumed the name of Carroll upon the second marriage of his mother, his stepfather, Charles Carroll, being one of the deputy-wardens of the county-jail in the Monumental City. Billy first became known in Bull circles in 1869, by reason of his fight with Harry Hickman, which took place near Freedom, Pa., May 26. It was for $200, and, though Harry was able to have won had it been fought on the merits of the case, he was glad to strike foul in order to get out of it as easily as possible, and even then Hicken and his seconds were assaulted. Harry sued for and recovered his stake. Oct. 20, same year, Carroll beat Mr. Norfolk, Harford county, ten rounds. He acted as second in other fights, but did not second Sam Collyer against Barney Aaron at Acquia Creek, as has been erroneously stated, Sam's colliders being Mike Henry and Paleey Mealey. His fight with Howard was the last in which he engaged on turf, but he defeated Jim Taylor in a glove contest in Cincinnati, O., where he resided for some years, leaving there about a year ago and taking up his residence in Louisville, where he taught sparring.

A HOAX!

From a letter we have received from James Mooney of Pittsburg, Pa., it appears that there was no foundation in fact for the report that a prize fight had been arranged between Clark and Baker, a brief notice of which, condensed from a full report in *The N. Y. Herald*, appeared in this column last week. Mooney, who has been thoroughly posted in sporting matters, and knows every move that is made on the pugilistic chessboard in the Smoky City and neighborhood, writes: "No such fight took place, and neither Clark or Baker teaches sparring in this city. Clark is from Cleveland, and from all accounts is not a reliable man. There is not a man to be found who saw the alleged fight, or ever heard of it until he read the account in the papers published in other cities. If either of the men named as principals thinks he can fight a little bit, I will match Owen Maloney against him, to fight either with or without gloves, for two or three hundred dollars a side. So, if there is any fight in them, now is the time to show it." It would appear from this that the manufacturers of bogus sporting news do not all live in New York.

DICK GOODWIN did not have as good a benefit as his friends thought he would at Harry Hill's on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 23, but the sport was relished by those who went to see. The boxers who appeared were Pete McCoy and Mike Coburn, Johnny Reilly and Johnny Saunders, Young Murphy and Frank Kline, Cramer and Martin, Billott and Ward, English and Taylor (colored), and Goodwin and Dooney Harris in the wind-up. Barney Aaron, we believe, promised Dick to spar with him, but was represented to be sick. Gould and Edwards also wrestled. "Spring Dick" is holding forth at the "Old Brown Jug," 43 East Thirteenth street.

JOHNNY DWYER informs us that, after he had his trunks packed in readiness to start for Leavenworth for his city of the Golden Gate last week, he called upon Barney Aaron, whom he found ill and unable to accompany him as intended. Johnny has therefore given up the idea of making the journey at present, but hopes to go to St. Louis himself some time this week. He intends giving an exhibition there, at which he will set-to with Tom Kelly, and on his way back may show in one or two other cities.

JOE GOSS AND TOM EARLY gave a show at Lewiston, Me., Jan. 23, and the principal boxers who took part included John Connelly, Tom Drohan, Kelley Bros., old Bill Busby, Denny Kelly, Dan Gill, Goss and Briggs, the last-named pair winding up the show after a fashion which just suited the boys, although, of course, Joe had all the best of the New-Englander. Drohan's club-swinging and juggling were admirable. Goss takes a benefit in Boston on Monday, Feb. 3.

PADDY O'HARA had an exhibition at Webster Hall, Boston, Mass., Jan. 20. He was not able to take part in the affair, having been ill for some time past, but volunteers were numerous enough to make up a good entertainment, consisting of sparring by Tommy Drohan, Marcellus Baker, Sol. Aaron, Jack Gallagher and Seeley, collar-and-elbow wrestling by McLaughlin and Geo. Hosmer, sing-ing, etc. Samuel Early was master of ceremonies.

TRAE TIM MCCARTHY and Jimmy Gallagher will bear watching, as was clearly proven in Boston, Mass., Jan. 24, when they had a lively set-to at the Boylston Museum, after the second round of which they were seized by Ham Brook, M. C., and each presented, on behalf of their respective pupils and friends, with a handsome gold repeater. And they never winced.

MIKE COBURN AND SPRING DICK, with a few friends, met on the evening of Jan. 25, and made arrangements to engage in a glove contest within two weeks, for a subscribed purse. Though Mike is "a bit bigger," Goodwin fancies he can down him, and "Joe's little brother" is sure that he can't.

HARRY HILL has kindly tendered the use of his theatre to Dooney Harris for Thursday afternoon, Feb. 6, on which occasion the members and friends of the "old vet." will give him a complimentary benefit. Celebrated sparr-rs will assist, and the wind-up will be between the beneficiary and Prof. McClellan.

JACK LAMB died at Coventry, Eng., Jan. 4, after a long illness. He had fought many gallant battles in the P. R., notably with Bob Brettle's Black (G. Hosmer), Young Lee and Charley Carpenter.

TOM KEAN, trainer, etc., was to have given a show at the Liberal Institute, Salt Lake City, Utah, Jan. 25, winding up with a set-to between himself and Jack Sullivan.

PADDY SHEPPARD and Mike Coburn are to spar in New Haven Jan. 30, and probably at Hartford on the 31st.

SAM COLLYER makes his debut as a pedestrian at the Brooklyn Rink this week.

AQUATIC.

THE CHAMPION SCULLER.

Edward Hanlan, the champion among all the scullers of America, left Toronto, Ont., for New York on Saturday, Jan. 25, and arrived here at noon on Sunday, accompanied by David Ward. They were met at the depot by Judge C. B. Elliott, who will see to it that their brief sojourn in the metropolis and vicinity is as pleasant made as possible, and in one of whose boats Hanlan will probably row his race with Hawdon of Delaval, as he will take one of Charley's beauties with him, and another, now in course of construction on the same moulds, will follow in a short time. James Headley, Hanlan's trainer, who came here early in the week to get the boat in which the champion rowed Courtney ready for shipment, and Fred Plaisted, his quondam antagonist, were also on hand to welcome him and his staunch friend and companion to Gotham. After being driven to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where quarters were secured for the visitors, they were taken under the wing of the Judge and conveyed to Greenpoint, and on the morning of the 27th, under his pilotage, they visited THE CLIPPER office and looked in at the sanctums of the other metropolitan sporting journals. Hanlan looks in prime health, though he carries considerable extra flesh at present, scaling with his heavy clothes on over 180lbs. Hanlan and Headley will leave this port for Liverpool, Eng., on board the steamer City of Montreal, which sails from Pier 37, North River, foot of Charlton street, at 11 A. M., Jan. 30. It is scarcely necessary to say that the champion's movements and the public at whose behest he has come to meet in friendly contest the best men the Old World can produce he should be made to feel in an unmistakable manner that he has the good wishes of all here for his success abroad. Therefore let there be such a rallying of the clans on the Inman dock on Jan. 30 as will insure the young Canadian sculler a rousing "send-off," nerve him for the work in hand, and make his heart lighter than it might otherwise be. Anent his visit to Albion *The Toronto Globe* says: "On arriving at Liverpool Hanlan will be met by his esteemed and well-tried friend, Geo. Shaw, American Consul at Manchester and president of the Hanlan Club. There seems to be a certain fitness in this, as it is well known that the colonel was one of the first to take an active interest in Hanlan and assist him in getting up his first match with Ross. Though Col. Shaw has taken a very keen and lively interest in every one of Hanlan's races since the champion became, in a certain sense, his property, he has never won a dollar on him. Hanlan is very fortunate in having such a true and tried friend, and a gentleman of such sound judgment and unimpeachable character and integrity for a chaperon and counsellor on his arrival in the old country. Concerning his programme after he reaches there, it would be premature to profess to speak authoritatively. It is probable that he will train either at Chester or stockton-on-Tees."

Previous to Hanlan's departure from home, a promenade concert was held at Albert Hall, Toronto, Jan. 21, for the purpose of giving his friends an opportunity to bid him adieu. The hall was tastefully decorated with Canadian and American flags, evergreen, etc., and the champion's boats and medals were conspicuously displayed on the stage. During the evening Mayor Beaty, on behalf of the Argonaut Rowing Club, presented Hanlan with a check for $100 as a slight token of the esteem in which he is held by the members of that club. The hall was well filled.

METROPOLITAN ASSOCIATION.—At a meeting of the executive committee Jan. 20 the following officers were chosen: President, J. T. Goodwin; vice-president, J. P. Earle; secretary, J. E. Eustis; treasurer, Y. G. Audubon; commodore, Gen. M. T. McMahon; vice-commodore, W. Blaikie; qualification committee—Gen. A. Shaler, Judge H. A. Gildersleeve, E. A. Buck, S. F. Knapp and Gen. E. M. Merritt. This year's annual regatta will be held on the Hudson River, near Washington Heights, July 4.

THE SHAWMUT R. C. of Boston have expended nearly $800 in improvements to the boathouse, and to meet expenses an athletic entertainment is to be given at Music Hall, Boston, on the evening of Tuesday, Jan. 28. Fred Plaisted will swing clubs, the Lakeman Club four, City Point amateur six, and Frenchy Johnson will give exhibitions of rowing on the hydraulic machines, John T. Moloney will jump in and out of barrels, and various other exercises are included in the programme.

THE NAUTILUS BOAT CLUB of this city have elected the officers here named: President, W. H. Henry; vice-president, J. Murphy; secretary, C. G. Maull; treasurer, B. L. Neville; captain, W. H. Walsh; lieutenant, F. A. Levien; coxswain, E. Chabert; board of managers—W. H. Henry, C. G. Maull, B. L. Neville, W. H. Walsh, Dr. L. C. Thomas, P. McManus, W. F. Franklin, P. J. Sweeny, and W. S. Dorrian.

WALLACE ROSS AND F. EMMETT have been matched to row over the Thames championship course, Eng., for £100 a side, on Monday, March 10. The first deposit of £25 a side was posted and articles were signed Jan. 6.

THE OFFICERS of the Viking Club of Newark, N. J., are: President, W. J. Davis; vice-president, G. Roe; captain, W. F. Scheerer; secretary and treasurer, J. E. Weeks Jr.; lieutenant, R. W. McClure.

THE HUDSON-RIVER YACHT CLUB last week elected the following officers: Commodore, Geo. P. H. Geisel; vice-commodore, J. T. Goodwin; secretary, Chas. Frick; treasurer, G. Heitsman; measurer, C. Roth; steward, J. Clark; sailing-master, J. H. Harrington; trustees—William Palmer, R. V. Freeman, J. Stilger, J. Kelly, M. Robinson; finance committee—G. Tread, E. B. Wilson, S. T. Lynch.

THE ANNUAL ELECTION for officers of the Palisade Boat Club of Yonkers, N. Y., resulted as follows: President, Wm. H. King; vice-president, E. H. Thayer; corresponding secretary, M. F. Rowe; recording secretary, Jas. Moffat; treasurer, E. M. Jackson; captain, R. G. Jackson; lieutenant, Andrew Moffat; trustees—E. M. Jackson, W. H. Guernsey, H. T. Keyser, E. A. Nichols and W. E. Drummon.

J. M. PEELEY AND JOHN HAWDON received forfeit of the money posted to bind a match with Jos. Kempster and R. W. Boyd at Newcastle, Eng., the latter pair not being on hand at the time set for drawing up articles.

PAUL BOYTON and a venturesome and enthusiastic seeker after knowledge immersed themselves in the waters of the bay at the Battery here before midnight Jan. 24, and started for a paddle to the isle of Staten. Each was accased in a Metsham life-saving suit, but the trip was far from as pleasant as had been anticipated, owing to the unwelcome presence of sundry cakes of ice, which hemmed them in and threatened to carry them through the Narrows out to sea; but, fortunately, they managed to make their way to the island, landing there about six o'clock A. M., bruised and sore and chilled to the bone. After getting thawed out the voyagers returned to the city by boat.

THE MISSOURI ROWING CLUB was organized at St. Louis, Nov. 6, 1878, with these officers: Hon. A. Johnson, president; A. D. Harlingue, treasurer; M. Hiseholiff, secretary; William Wrigley, L. D. Harlingue, Charley Linan, William Surgis, Otto Dierkman and George Feurer, directors. All communications should be addressed to the president, 29 South Fifteenth street, St. Louis, Mo.

JAMES RILEY has not yet accepted Evan Morris' challenge, published last week, and made solid by a hundred dollar bill.

THE TRIGGER.

THE BALLARD RIFLE CONTEST.

The fifth and final competition for the Ballard midrange rifle took place at the Creedmoor Junior Range, this city, Jan. 25, teams of five from the Zettler, Empire and Seppenfelt Rifle Clubs taking part. The Zettlers won for the third time, the score being as under:

ZETTLER.

Ambleim	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	4	—47
B. Zettler	4	4	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	—47
C. Zettler	4	4	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	—47
D. Miller	4	5	4	4	5	4	5	5	5	—46
P. Fenning	5	4	5	4	5	4	4	4	4	—44—227

EMPIRE.

W. M. Farrow	5	4	4	5	5	5	4	5	4	5—46
H. Fisher	5	4	4	5	5	5	4	4	5	—46
F. H. Holton	5	4	4	4	4	5	5	5	4	—44
J. W. Tedd	5	4	5	5	4	4	5	4	4	—44
H. W. Gourley	5	4	4	5	4	4	5	4	4	—43—223

SEPPENFELT.

Max Kern	5	5	5	5	4	5	4	5	5	—48
J. Garrison	5	4	4	4	4	5	4	5	4	—41
J. Schuh	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	5	—43
Reppenfelt	4	4	2	5	4	5	4	4	4	—42
E. Halzman	4	4	4	5	5	5	4	4	4	—43—215

The prize at issue is therefore the property of the Zettler Club.

BROOKLYN vs. PHILADELPHIA.

A pigeon match between members of the Brooklyn Gun Club and the Social Gun and Rifle Club of Philadelphia, eight men on a side, fifteen birds apiece, five traps, 28yds. rise, Brooklyn Club rules to govern, took place on the grounds at Dexter's, on the Jamaica road, L. I., on Saturday, Jan. 25. The weather was fine, and the birds generally were swift, strong flyers, while the marksmen experienced difficulty in hitting those which flew low over the snow-clad field. It will be noticed from the score below that the participants all acquitted themselves creditably, three of the Brooklynites missing but one bird each.

BROOKLYN.		PHILADELPHIA.	
G. P. Gildersleeve killed	14	J. Emery killed	14
H. Pinkhamus	13	H. A. Burroughs	13
W. Wynn	14	Dr. Bickley	12
E. H. Madison	12	W. Meredith	12
T. Broadway	12	R. Reeve	12
H. Elmendorf	12	J. C. Rogue	11
A. Eddy	11	H. B. Montgomery	10
H. N. Woods	11	H. D. Thomas	9
Total	100	Total	93

BOGARDUS VS. CARVER.—As the public has been misled by some newspaper reports into believing that arrangements have been made by A. H. Bogardus and Dr. Carver to shoot a six days' match subsequently to the latter's return from Europe, it is proper to state that no match at all has been made between them, as at the meeting recently held at the Astor House, this city, they failed to come to terms. The Captain was ready with his money to make good the promise he had made in print, but the Doctor did not produce any money, although Bogardus offered to bet him as much as $500 that he would not sign articles for a six days' match as the latter proposed previously. The Captain is now out West, and soon starts on a Southern tour, winding up at New Orleans at Mardi-Gras time.

THE FOUNTAIN GUN CLUB on Jan. 22 held their third monthly shoot for a double-barreled gun at the Brooklyn (L. I.) Driving Park. There was an unusually large turnout of members, twenty-two taking part in the contest, which was at seven birds each, from five ground traps, both barrels, handicap rise, 100 yards fall, 1¼oz. shot. J. Bohling (25yds.) and C. Williams (27) killed all they had to shoot at fifteen more apiece before they could decide the matter, Bohling killing 12 to Williams' 11, making a total of 19 killed by the winner. Messrs. White (25), Durfee (27) and De Fraine (25) killed six each; Chappell (24), Carter (21), Madison (29), Cleaver (25), Blane (27), and Kearney (27) five. Referee, Harvey L. Smith.

THE GOLD BADGE of the Shrewsbury Gun Club was shot for a second time at Asbury Park, N. J., Jan. 21. Ten contestants shot at fifteen glass balls each, 18 yards rise, with the result here shown: S. W. Morford, 15; L. B. Campbell, 14; G. H. Wild, 13; A. R. Coleman, 12; G. T. Marsden and T. Parker, 11; J. B. Bergen, Chas. Stillwell and Henry White, 10; T. Davis, 6.

THE FOURTH COMPETITION for the Ballard midrange rifle took place at the Creedmoor Junior Range, this city, Jan. 20, four teams of five men each participating, with this result: Empire Club team (No. 1), 219 points; Zettler, 215; Seppenfelt, 214; Empire (No. 2), 211.

W. H. JACKSON was the highest scorer in the competition for the Maynard rifle at Walnut Hill Range, near Boston, Mass., Jan. 20, his totals being 45 and 44 respectively out of 50 possible, 200 yards, ten shots.

"FRENCHY" JOHNSON the sculler took first prize in a glass-ball shoot at Beechmont, near Boston, Jan. 17.

SKATING.

UP TO JAN. 27 there had been but two days of the season since Dec. 19 when skating was not in demand at the Brooklyn Capitoline Lake, and other skating resorts in and near the metropolis—except Central Park—can show nearly the same record. At the latter place the officials cannot find time to clear the skating lakes of snow, and consequently skating facilities have been limited at the Park lakes since the snowstorm.....On Saturday, Jan. 25, the usual Saturday-afternoon games on the ice took place at the Capitoline Lake, the wheelbarrow races being quite a feature.....The artificial ice skating lake experiment at Gilmore's Garden has proved to be a success. The lake was opened to the public on Jan. 20, and every day since it has been crowded with skaters.

AT THE MANHATTAN RINK.—Geo. D. Phillips and B. Retard are to skate a ten-mile match for a gold medal at the above rink, this city, on Friday evening, Jan. 31, at 8 P. M. On the following evening the twenty-five-mile championship race, postponed from Jan. 25 in consequence of the ice being in bad condition, will come off. There are eighteen entries, among them E. G. Gurney, G. D. Phillips, Walter Griffin, and D. Sherwood.

FANCY SKATING for a gold medal of elegant design will take place at the Manhattan A. C. rink, Eighth avenue and Fifty-sixth street, on Saturday evening, Feb. 1, at 8 o'clock. The entrance fee is $1, and entries can be made at the rink up to the night of the 31st inst. The contest is open to all amateurs, and will be governed by the rules of the New York Skating Congress.

CHESS TOURNAMENT.

At a meeting of representatives of the several chess clubs and independent players of the city and vicinity, held at Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 23, Dr. Thos. Davis presiding, and Geo. Worthington acting as secretary, the following rules for the government of the tournament to be held there this month were adopted:

1. The rules and regulations of play, as published in Staunton's Chess Praxis, will be exclusively used in this tourney.

2. Each player shall contest two games with every other player, and drawn games will count as half-games for each player.

3. All disputes must be referred to the Committee, and their decisions will be final.

4. The two players winning the largest number of games at the closing shall be declared the winners and entitled to play the final games to be contested at Library Hall, Feb 19, 1879.

5. The games shall be played off by two games between the parties, or lots may be cast, as the contestants themselves may elect.

It was further decided that all subsequent rules and regulations required for the management of the tournament shall be made and applied by the committee. The contestants selected for the tournament are as follow: East-end Club—Thos. Davis and Geo. Lander, Esq. Law. Pennsville Club—Alex. Ballentyne and J. G. Reeves. P. R R Library Club—Geo. Worthington and Charles McEnultz. Allegheny City—Major W. R Lowe and James W. Collins. Pittsburg—Jas. Reed and W. C. Stillwagon.

A CANINE CONTROVERSY took place on Long Island on Monday night, Jan. 20, between "Jack," a white bulldog belonging in Brooklyn and lately imported, and the New York bulldog dog "Cr b." They fought for three hours and twenty minutes, although at the end of which time "Crib" was a dead dog in the pit, and "Jack" wasn't much better off.

THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL masquerade and civic ball of the pupils of Beckett's dancing academies will be held at the National Assembly Rooms, 326 and 344 West Forty-fourth street, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 29, when the friends of willowy Louis and graceful Caspar may expect a bang-up time.

COMPANY F, TWENTY SECOND REGIMENT, N. G. S. N. Y., will hold their eighteenth annual reunion at the armory, Fourteenth street, between Fifth and Seventh avenues, on Tuesday evening, Jan. 28, commencing at eight o'clock.

N. Y. S. P. C. C.—The fourth anniversary of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children will be held at Chickering Hall, this city, on the evening of Jan. 28, at 8 o'clock.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Continued from page 359.

IDA ESTELVA HUTCHINGS, a daughter of Prof. Hutchings, the "Lightning Calculator," is giving public exhibitions of spiritualism.

RUFUS SOMERBY'S ENTERTAINMENT was given in Saugerties, N. Y., Jan. 23, 24, 25; thence to Catskill 27, 28, 29.

M. F. HAUTMANN offers all his billboards in the town of Peoria, Ill., for sale. See card.

ALF BURNETT and Miss Helen Nash are to give their entertainment in Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 29, St. Paul 31, Feb. 1.

REV. A. A. WILLITS of Philadelphia is to lecture in Hornellsville, N. Y., Jan. 30.....Miss Nella F. Brown of Boston is to give readings Feb. 6.

THE PITTSBURG (Pa.) Loan Exhibition opens in Library Hall Feb. 3.....Madame Anderson will commence walking a quarter of a mile at the beginning of every fifteen minutes for a period of two weeks, walking day and night, in the Coliseum, Allegheny City, Pa., 27.

THE NEW ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Akron, O., is to be dedicated Jan. 30.

G. B. BUNNELL'S DIME MUSEUM, 430 Fulton street, Brooklyn, is reported as meeting with success. The St. Benoit Twins and Till's Royal Marionettes are the principal features.

M. KERO offers to transact business matters for parties about visiting Canada. See card.

SIGNOR BOSCO, wizard, is to show in Staunton, Mich., Jan. 27, 28, 29, Greenville 30, 31, Feb. 1.

HALAWAY & POND'S Grand Megadelekelon of New York City was exhibited in Mt. Pleasant, Ia., Jan. 22, 23, Fairfield 24, 25, and is billed in Ottumwa 27, 28, Oskaloosa 29, 30, Albia 31 and Feb. 1.

J. H. LAINE, the well-known business-agent of Barlow, Wilson, Primrose & West's Minstrels for some time past, retires from his position on account of the troupe leaving for California. He can be engaged, and advertises his address in this issue.

AMUSEMENTS IN PHILADELPHIA.—The Legislature of the State of Pennsylvania are once more tinkering at the laws governing amusements in "first-class cities" generally, but in the Quaker City especially. Every now and then, for some purpose not visible to the naked eye, a dead set is made at Philadelphia amusements. As this periodical legislation entails a good deal of expense upon taxpayers, wouldn't it be a saving clause to fence in the city of Philadelphia, and thereby shut out all amusement not of a scriptural character or not in the interests of the Young Men's and other Christian associations? Philadelphia is dull enough as it is, but with its amusements handcuffed, its pastimes hedged about by innumerable licenses and taxes, the city will be paralyzed, as it were. Children are no longer permitted to play marbles, and now a assault is made along the whole line of pretty waiter-girls. If conservators of public peace and morals would only provide some other employment for those who come under the ban of the lawmakers, we might overlook their transgressions; but they do nothing of the kind. We certainly ought not to expect too much from the rulers of a city who send to prison a poor man for appropriating a turkey, that man's child, during its father's incarceration, dying of starvation in its frenzied mother's arms! Here is what the Legislature is tinkering at now:

Section 1. *Be it enacted, etc.*, That it shall not be lawful to exhibit to the public, in any building, garden, grounds, court or enclosure, in or within the limits of the city of the first class, any interlude, tragedy, comedy, opera, ballet, play, farce, negro-minstrelsy, negro or other dancing or other entertainment of the stage, or any part thereof, or any representation in which the costumes and scenery or theatrical costumes are used, or equestrian, circus or dramatic performance, or any performance of jugglers, rope-dancing, or acrobats, or any entertainment of vocal or instrumental music, or any menagerie, until a license for such exhibition, performance or entertainment shall have been first had and obtained from the Mayor of such city of the first class, or the proprietor thereof, which license shall be granted by him for each and every place or building in which such exhibition, performances or entertainments are held, upon the payment by said proprietor of a sum of not less than One Thousand nor for the whole or any portion of each calendar year; *provided*, that before such license shall be granted the said Mayor shall be satisfied, by affidavit or otherwise, that the exhibition, performance or entertainment for which the license shall be applied for shall not be immoral in its nature or tendencies, or otherwise unlawful or hurtful to the community; and every manager, proprietor or director of any such exhibition, performance or entertainment who shall neglect to take out such license, or who shall allow or cause any such exhibition, performance or entertainment without such license, and any owner of any building, room, garden, ground, court or concert-room or other place who shall lease or let the same for the purpose of any such exhibition, performance or entertainment, or shall assent to the use thereof for any such purpose, except as permitted by such license and without such license having been previously obtained and then in force, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and, upon conviction thereof, shall be sentenced to pay a fine not exceeding One Thousand dollars or imprisonment not exceeding three months, or both or either, at the discretion of the Court.

Sec. 2. It shall not be lawful for any female to attend among or amongst upon the audience or spectators at any the exhibitions, performances or entertainments mentioned hereinbefore, or at any other place of public amusement in any city of the first class to procure, offer, furnish or distribute any refreshments of malt liquor or refreshments whatsoever, nor shall it be lawful for any manager or proprietor of any such exhibition, performance or entertainment or place of public amusement to employ or cause to be employed any female to attend among or wait upon the audience or spectators thereof; to procure, offer or distribute any description of commodities or refreshments whatsoever; any person violating any of the provisions of this section shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and, upon conviction thereof, shall be sentenced to pay a fine not exceeding $500, or undergo an imprisonment not exceeding one year, or both or either, at the discretion of the Court.

Sec. 3. That it shall be lawful for the Mayor of any city of the first class, upon proof satisfactory to him by affidavit, under the confirmation, of the violation of any of the provisions of this act or of any other act of Assembly or ordinance of such city regulating places of public amusement, or that the exhibitions, performances, entertainments, or any of them given under color of said license are or have been immoral or unlawful, to revoke, annul and render void and of no effect any license which shall have been obtained as aforesaid by any manager, proprietor, owner or lessee of any building of such exhibition, performance or entertainment, or allowing or letting any part of a building or other premises for the purposes thereof, and it shall also be lawful for the said Mayor to prevent any such exhibition, performance or entertainment from being held, exhibited or performed until the license hereinbefore provided for shall be paid, or if the same shall have been annulled or vacated for violation of any of the provisions of this act or other law in force in such city,

SLIGHTLY ACQUAINTED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JAMES OWEN O'CONNOR.

A dainty sweetheart's tripping by—
A gentleman advances:
"How do you do?" half bold, half shy,
She says. In fewer circumstances
As his extended hand and he'd met him.
"I beg your pardon, sir,
You've the advantage of me—Jim?"
And he shook hands with her,
For he used to be her leader!

"I've met you in society,
Also at the opera, too;
At church you lately noticed me,
And on Fifth avenue;
I've met you at Delmonico's
(Unintroduced, 'tis true),
Yet once I was your beau of beaux,
Though quite forgot by you—
And I used to be your lover!

"Nay, start not, lady. Am I rude?
(We have been introduced!)
I hint not of ingratitude,
Nor golden letters loosed;
Nor saving you from drowning, nor
Of saving you from fire;
What were we separated for—
Or is Divorce a liar?—
If I used to be your husband!

"Are you remarried?" "No, my dear!"
"A sudden thought is mine;
I tremble to tell it, and I fear,
In spite of said lang syne,
That you'll 'respectfully decline'
Once more to marry me."
"Nay, Jim, and former husband mine,
Your bride again I'll be,
For you used to be my husband!"

DRIFTING TO DOOM,
OR
A MAZY MARRIAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WM. EYSTER,

Author of "King Dick, A Tale of New Orleans and St. Louis," "Scoundrel and Maid," "Will Wat's Brigade," "Jonike," "The Free Trapper's Pass," "Through War and Fire," "The Haunted Hunter," Etc.

ENTERED IN THE OFFICE OF THE LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS, AT WASHINGTON, D. C., BY FRANK QUEEN, IN THE YEAR 1878.

CHAPTER XXVI.—CONTINUED.

A good many years ago—something like twenty-five, perhaps a few more or a few less—she was engaged by a Mr. Theodore Williams to go with him to take care of his wife, who was then in a delicate state of health. It did not take long to become acquainted with the history of Mrs. Williams. Theodore's father was living then. He was an only son, and had been married privately. The thing was kept quiet for nearly a year, and then, just when he was needed most, the old gentleman ordered his son off to the West on a long journey connected with some business interests he had there. Theodore went, however, leaving his wife in charge of this Mrs. Turner, and the two safely installed in a nice boarding-house.

One afternoon a very handsome lady came to the house. She kept remarkably quiet, and it could easily be seen had had trouble, and did not want to attract much attention. The lady of the house did not say anything; but the nurse picked up in some way that the two were acquainted, and that this newcomer was respectable, at any rate.

"Well," continued the old lady, "one afternoon Mrs. Williams complained a good bit. I just sent a warning to the doctor that he should be expecting a call, and, sure enough, about midnight I started a boy after him a-hoppin'. He came double-quick, and found me in a peck of trouble, for, bless your soul! the other lady had taken a notion to be sick too; and there they both were, and I, always willing to do the best I could, a-waiting on 'em both—for they had rooms right alongside of each other, and I had a room on the other side of the hall. So there it was, and me with two babies squallin' at most the same minute, an' nobody to help me but Mrs. Smith, and she as bad as nothin' with fright an' all that. There was a girl and boy ——"

"Ah, we are coming to it at last," said Taylor. "Now, pray tell me which was the boy and which was the girl."

"That's what it is that grieves me. I've thought of it till I was dizzy—that's what's bringin' me to the grave—I don't know."

"Don't know, and you the nurse. How is it that you have forgotten?"

"Never knew. As I was telling you, I was all at odds and ends, and they brought the children in—maybe I helped, I reckon I don't remember very clear—and we washed them and had them all ready to dress up when I asked that very question. The doctor nor Mrs. Smith couldn't tell no more nor I. There was a pretty how-d'ye-do about it; and we didn't dare to tell the poor things, the mothers. We just fixed 'em up the best we knowed how takin' what clothes we found handy. I tell you, we had our hands full, anyway."

The listeners looked at each other in amazement. The mystery was only confirmed, not solved, and the last hope of its ever being so seemed to be knocked away from under them.

"But think, old lady. You cannot mean to say that these two children were thus confounded without any chance of distinguishment? Think a little. Or did material instinct triumph—the mothers recognize their own children?"

"Old lady yourself! If you cannot treat me with respect when I'm telling you all this of my own free will and without any idea of reward, you can even go to someone you pay better and can afford to treat as you choose. Old lady, indeed!"

The slip of Taylor's tongue seemed to have a sudden and exasperating effect upon Dame Turner. After her outbreak she closed her mouth resolutely, and for a time refused to say a word more. Had Taylor been by himself, doubtless the interview would have ended then and there. Annie, however, at this emergency threw herself into the fray. Despite the resistance of the nurse, she took that lady's fat, plump hand between her own soft, taper fingers, and, fixing upon her a mournful but magnetic gaze, exclaimed:

"Good nurse, kind nurse, tell us more of this. See, we are those two babes; we are the two children you helped to usher into a world that has treated us to but little of fortune's sunshine. We know you were not to blame; but tell us more—give us all the information that you can. We, or one of us, has rights that are to be proved, a fortune that is to be won; do not deny me!"

It did not take many such entreaties as these to soften the woman's heart towards Annie. After a time she took up the thread of her story once more.

"It was a night for bad luck. The streak began then, but it did not end; it seemed like a stroke of Providence on the whole house. Next day Mrs. Smith was took sick, and the two poor women was both feverish and excited, and acting as though they suspected something wrong was going on. I ran into Mrs. Smith's to tell her I wanted someone to help me, but, poor thing, she wanted someone to help her herself. Indeed, it was her last sickness. When I came back Mrs. Williams was sitting up in bed, looking quite wild, and exclaiming that someone had her baby. I showed her the little darling sleeping on the foot of the bed, but she said: 'No; that was not hers,' and picked it up, and would have dashed its brains out, I do believe, if I had not snatched it away from her. Then she kept on raving like until I said I would see; maybe it wasn't her baby. I went over quietly to the other room, and the two were asleep, and so I brought that baby and gave it to Mrs. Williams, and she took it at once and said: 'Yes, that was hers,' and moaned over it so pretty, with the fever flashing from her eyes, and then the ungrateful thing ran away."

"Ran off!" echoed the two listeners in astonishment.

"Yes, ran off. She laid down quite contented like at last, and I took the other baby back—you know it didn't make any difference which baby they had, so that they were satisfied—and then Mrs. Smith was took worse, and I was called to her room and stayed there an hour; and when I came to look both the women were gone, with their babies."

"But you found them, didn't you?"

"I didn't. I was scared 'most to death. I don't know what I did, but I think I had a fit, or something of the kind, after I had run around a bit. I told the police on that beat, I mind. Anyhow, the next day Mr. Williams came and found his wife and child gone, and hustled me out. I was only glad he didn't kill me. I heard afterwards that he found his wife and child in the hospital, but I didn't stay to ask particulars. I was only too glad to run away from the city and hide myself with my friends, who lived here then."

"And did you never hear anything more of the other lady?" asked Annie, who had been listening with feverish eagerness.

"Poor lady! they found her corpse in the bay. Her husband was a bad one at times, with an awful temper—a seagoing man he was, the captain of a merchant vessel. Somehow, very queer, the Williams family had wronged him once, as he thought, out of most of his money, and he had nothing but his pay. He came home from a voyage, and had a fearful quarrel with his wife about what he called her extravagance, that ended in her leaving the house, and he went off on another voyage. So when Captain Alden came back ——"

A scream interrupted Mrs. Turner. Annie stood straight up, with her arms lifted high over her head, and white in her face down to the very lines of her lips.

"Alden, did you say?"

Then her overwrought system gave way, and, before Taylor could support her, she fell at full length upon the floor.

CHAPTER XXVII.—AN AWFUL EXPEDIENT.

We left Caleb Williams upon the hillside, really in doubt which way to turn his footsteps. He hesitated to put himself where there was the least likelihood of John Alden, yet he did not wish to be forced away from Mrs. O'Shane's and the suffering woman. Whilst he stood cogitating, a special messenger came creeping up the hill bearing for him a telegram that at once caused him to come to a decision upon the question of what was to be done. The boy knew him well by sight, and stood awaiting an answer whilst Williams read the message, running in some such way as this:

PHILAD., 4.

Quit fooling, stop the strikes, and come down here at once. C. C. C. don't scare worth a cent. They have garnisheed money in 34 National until you perfect title. Factoring played out. Answer.

"The fight is coming," muttered Williams, "I doubt now it would have been better never to have forced it. Had I either stuck to my business, without putting them up to the formation of the big concern, or had I taken a heavy share in the Carbon Cove Mining and Manufacturing, I would have done well enough. I never dreamed that they would go a step farther and be their own salesmen. When they did, I opened the ball—and, by Heavens! I'll keep it open, and fight it out to the last, if their ten millions grind me to powder."

His face flushed with a strangely defiant look, and he hastily scribbled an answer:

"Will be with you to-morrow."

With this answer the boy disappeared, and Williams strolled aimlessly up to the ruins of Summit Lodge, where he was presently joined by Michael, direct from the Widow O'Shane's.

The patient was somewhat easier, and under the skillful hands of the physician, who had arrived at an early hour that morning. A man had been there who came in a rage, had burst into the house, and made his way to the room of the injured woman during the temporary absence of both Mrs. O'Shane and Michael. He did not stay long, but rushed as furiously out and departed in the direction from where he came. Then the doctor came again, and said the patient was much better, that the delirium was abating, and that she would probably do well.

Such was the budget of news that Michael brought, and it was received with a sense of relief, yet with much perplexity. Why Alden should have so suddenly departed he could not imagine—the deception in regard to identity was most complete. Perhaps he had not recognized his adopted daughter in the swathed and bandaged girl. If so, it gave him time; and time was what he wanted—time to make his fight in, which would only require a few days to be decided; or, if the worst came to the worst, time in which to realize and run away. Despite the foreign attachment upon his bank-account, he had no doubt that he could easily arrange to make the bulk of his property available.

He fought against this latter idea, yet it would intrude, would steal in and take possession of his mind. Michael, standing there, gazing stolidly at his master, saw little trace of the inward turmoil, could not catch a glimpse of the plotting, planning brain behind that broad, clear brow.

At some distance from the main building there stood a small outhouse that had been erected for some forgotten purpose, but which had been of late years used by Dr. Williams as a lumber-room and, speaking in a slangy way, a workshop. This had escaped the conflagration, and thither he bent his steps. Entering, he seated himself in silence, and, lighting a cigar, began to try to rearrange his plans in accordance with the new state of affairs. More than once he shook his head and frowned heavily.

At length an idea of peculiar importance seemed to strike him. Thoughtfully he looked upward at the perfect wings of blue smoke that he blew out and upward.

"If I only could," he said aloud. "There could not be any better way, provided that crazy Alden could be kept quiet. A hint from him at any time would be sufficient to blow up the whole business."

He arose from his seat, and, going to a cupboard on the other side of the little room, opened a drawer or two and began rummaging over the contents. After a brief search he seemed to find what he wanted. He thrust a couple of packages into the bosom-pocket of his coat and resumed his seat.

"I will," he said in a voice of determination, and began arranging the details of his new scheme.

In perhaps half an hour Dr. Williams left his lumber-room, and, having saddled a horse, departed directly for Mrs. O'Shane's dwelling. She answered his knock, and requested him to come in, which invitation he refused, but pressed into her hand a one-hundred-dollar greenback, and told her that imperative business seemed to be calling him to the city. Perhaps he would take the evening train; if he did not go, he would call some time about or after sundown. Whatever expense she might be at should be amply repaid; the best of care was required, and he was willing to pay the highest price.

Then he altered his decision sufficiently far as to come softly in and take a peep at the sleeping girl; after which he withdrew, with downcast eyes and unsteady step. Once more in the saddle, he braced himself up and rode in the direction of the Red Ridge mine.

Not very much to his surprise, he found the mine deserted, no busy hum to be heard; all was silence. The miners were on a strike, but, contrary to their usual custom, everything and everybody was left unmolested. This latter puzzled him; but, as he was riding away, he received an explanation.

A rough-looking man, with an ancient felt hat slouched over his eyes, came into sight from a cluster of trees near by, and loitered along the road towards Carbon Cove until Williams caught up with him. He nodded to the doctor in a covert way, and spoke in a low tone:

"Stopped, you see; boys struck this morning. But, being as they heard you had met a bad streak last night, they acted like lambs. To-morrow they'll make it lively, I'm afraid, though it's a little uphill. The Blackbird, Goleondy, Duck Run and Hickory Grove are in it; but there's work being done to quiet them down—if it fails through, it won't be my fault."

"Never mind, so they can be held out for two weeks. The company have a big contract, and they daren't fail right in the start. It will be all right; I'm going to Philadelphia in the morning."

"About that—other matter." The man spoke hesitatingly; hardened ruffian though he was, he turned his face slightly away. "After you left we waited along the road until long after we saw the light of the fire, and then we gave it up and ran up. He didn't come our way, so if he got clear it wasn't our fault."

"Say no more of that—he will trouble us no more."

"I'm glad of that, for it was a job I didn't like more than half, although there was so few in it; and, if it was to be done, last night was the last chance. The council put in a new body-master, and I'd have some trouble now getting the boys."

"That is all right. When I come back, if other things have been managed well, I will pay you all the same," answered Williams; and, without ceremony, the two separated.

The day wore on. Caleb Williams went hither and thither, saying as little as he possibly could, but attending to a great deal of business, and at nightfall was reascending the road which led to the cabin of the Widow O'Shane. He felt somewhat easier in mind since he had been able to learn that Captain Alden had left on the cars. In fact, Alden had taken the same train as Charles Taylor, but, not being so well informed, went straight through to Boston. Otherwise the two might have met at the boarding-house on Eleventh street, in New York.

As Williams drew near he met the doctor coming away, and had a brief conversation with him. The patient was again asleep. She was suffering less, was growing more rational. In another day or so he could tell more; at present he had interdicted all conversation, and indeed she was in no condition to talk. He was glad to say she now retained a fortunate though singular silence.

"In another day or so she would speak, though," muttered Williams as the doctor hurried on and he pursued his upward way.

He found all quiet at the widow's, except that the good-woman wished to run down to her son-in-law's, half a mile distant, her daughter was ailing, and she desired to see her. Nothing could have been more fortunate. Delicacy was at a discount in such cases. Williams hustled her off on the instant with a promise to watch well the sleeping girl. A few moments lost in preparation, and the doctor was left alone with his schemes and his victim. He held his face away as he approached the bedside, but he did not relent.

"It will only last for a couple of days, and by that time I will be back and may make other arrangements. At least, I will then know what is before me."

Saying this, he applied a sponge, charged with an anæsthetic, to the nostrils, whose position was almost a matter of guesswork, hidden as they were among the cotton and bandages that covered head and neck and one scorched arm.

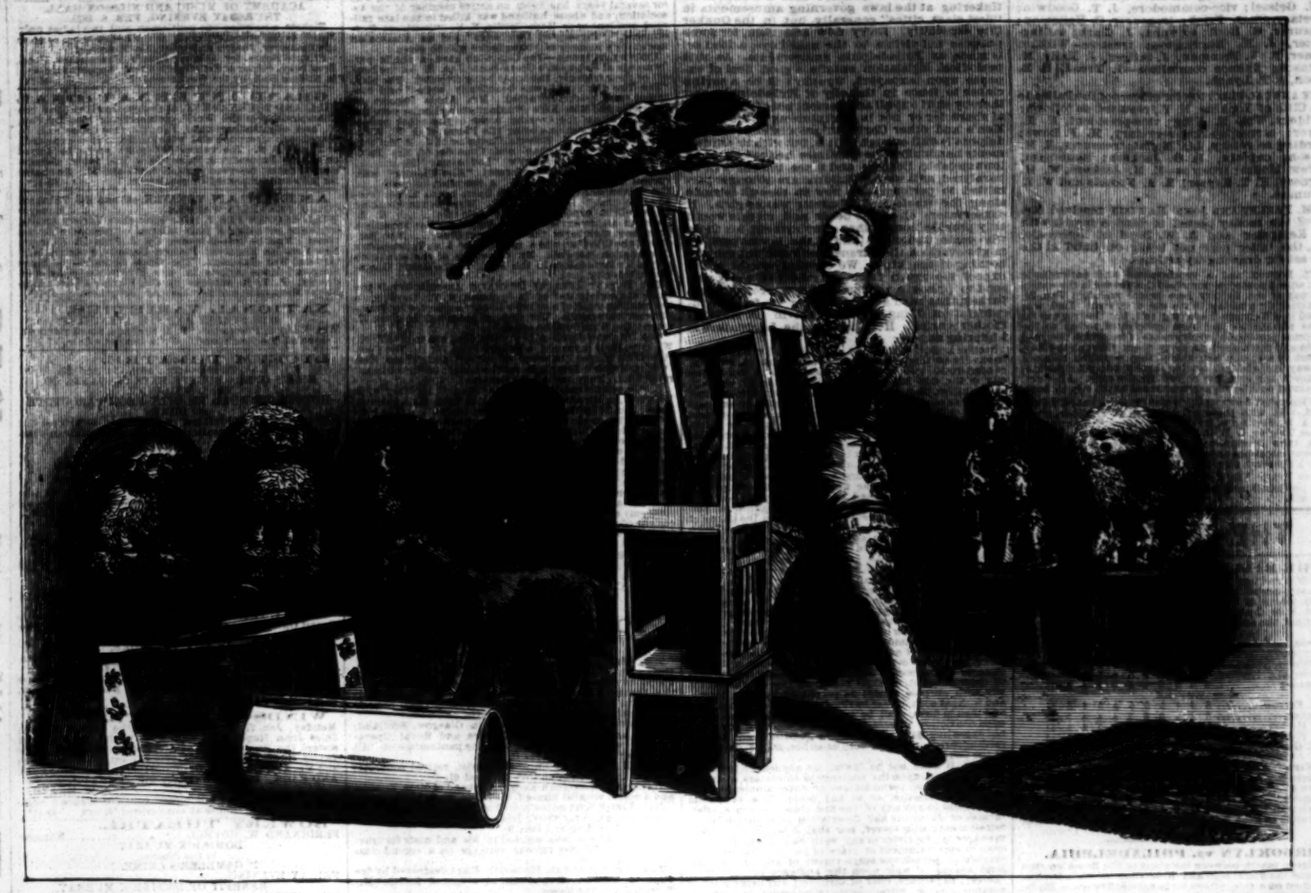
He could not see what he was doing, could only guess at the probable effect of his potent drug. Cruelly, remorselessly, he went on with his scheme, yet carrying it through as tenderly as might be. When the few struggles were over, and the body before him lay motionless and devoid of all capacity for resistance, he drew forth the other needed things: a vial containing a liquid, brown and of slightly aromatic odor, and a small instrument of no very complicated shape or appearance.

Dr. Williams worked rapidly and skillfully. He seized the one comparatively unburned arm, and with delicate manipulations prepared it for his purpose. Then a little adjustment, a few careful strokes, a turn or two of some bandages, and his villainous work was done, and he was ready to depart.

Into the arm of the helpless, half-dead woman, whom he supposed to be his wife, he had injected belladonna, in compound with other drugs, with the intention of keeping her in an insane condition until such time as he could further arrange his plans.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"WHAT is meant by conscience?" asked an English schoolmaster of his class. "A hinward monitor." "And what do you understand by monitor?" "A hironclad," replied the intelligent youth.



TRAINED DOGS.

Exhibitions of trained dogs, singly or in troupes, have for many years furnished no little amusement to the public. During the earlier performances only the white French poodles were used, they being then supposed to be the only breed of dogs possessing sufficient sagacity to learn the numerous tricks they were required to perform. Later trainers experimented with other breeds, and found they would answer the purpose equally well. At the present time a woman is giving successful exhibitions in the Western variety theatres with a troupe of common cur-dogs. Older readers will recall with pleasure the feats performed by Donetti's troupe of dogs and monkeys. Later came Mme. Gertrude and the Gregory Family, from Europe, with a remarkably well-trained troupe of French poodles. Mme. Benjamin also exhibited for many years a similar troupe. Charley Shay, in years gone by, exhibited a very sagacious black-and-tan terrier with his Quinculpexal Combination. J. L. Davis had a finely-trained troupe of dogs of mixed breeds. H. M. Parker has now before the public one of the best-trained companies of mixed breeds that have ever performed here. Among them is a dog that does long-distance leaping over a single chair; but it does not jump so high as the one delineated in our illustration. Among other troupes now prominent are Willis Cobb's trained dogs, monkeys and goats, William Conrad's, Neil Smith's, and also Fryer's, exhibited by the Snow Brothers.

A CONFESSION.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER AND DEDICATED TO THE "JIM BOY,"
BY JEREMIAH LOUIS McCARTHY.

Do you remember, sweet Bessie, *mon chere*,
That fair Summer-night, long ago,
When we strolled—you and I—on the silvery beach,
Which was white in the moon's pale glow?
You gave me a tiny gold locket, my dear,
With your portrait, to wear next my heart.
I mentally vowed then, come what e'er would,
From that treasure I never would part!

Ah, well! I was young, and my soul was consumed
By the hot, sacred fires of love;
My poor head was turned by your tender orbs,
Of the hue of the blue dome above.
I gave not a thought to the future's veiled store,
And, being minus a copper, poor wight,
I pawned that same locket for twenty five cents
At a Chatham-street store last night!

CHESS:
A ROMANCE OF PERSIA AND ROME.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JAMES WIGHT.

Somewhat over a lustrum ago, when the Shah of Persia made his first remarkable tour among "the barbarians of Western Europe," it was well known that Mrs. Grundy was afforded incomparable opportunities for scandal, of which that worthy exemplar of all the proprieties availed herself to the utmost. The Most Illustrious Potentate not only went around using his eyes, but his hands. The "low-necked," *decolleté* ladies of Queen Victoria's court took captive his glances. The shoulders and arms of Britain were rounder, ampler, more luxurious and marble like than corresponding portions of the female anatomy as he was privileged to behold it in the seraglio at Teheran. He evidently admired the fashion, for he bestowed diamonds and rubies upon the Princess Louise and other beautiful and extensive exhibitors of female loveliness; but he did not seem to quite understand the restrictions by which it was conventionally surrounded. His fingers itched to touch a dewy-rounded shoulder as if to satisfy himself that it was real.

When His Majesty attended the Italian opera at Her Majesty's Theatre, the two prima-donne, the contralto, the tenor and the basso-profundo were escorted by his royal request to his box and presented to him. He received them cordially and condescendingly, shaking hands with them in the English fashion. But he especially honored the contralto—a beautiful young woman of four-and-twenty, with an Egyptian profile, a gorgeously rounded form, magnificent arms, and bright, basilisk brown eyes. "He placed his hand, with shocking familiarity," Mrs. Grundy said, "upon Mlle. Rose Pierremont's neck, and winked on the lady blushed scarlet, made an indignant gesture, looked appealingly at Signor Giacomo Cenci, the tenor, and rushed behind the wings. The Shah looked thunderstruck. A cloud gathered on his brow, even as the mists descend on Mount Ararat before a storm.

"Let her be taken and immediately executed," said he, "after her front teeth have been beaten down her throat with the brass-heeled slipper!"

He could not understand that he was in a country where events of the kind are principally controlled through the agency of courts and lawyers.

"By the hump of the sacred dromedary!" cried the Shah; "in Persia my will is the law, and the courts and the lawyers. A wave of my royal hand cures toothache forever, by simply removing the head. A look of my royal eyes makes the camel-driver a prince. You come to Teheran," said the Shah to the handsome tenor, "and I will provide you with wives."

"Mighty oaks from small acorns spring." It was the trifling incident just recorded that led to the appearance of Signor Cenci and a few members of the troupe in Teheran the following year.

Mlle. Rose Pierremont was forbidden to appear in the capital of his Most Offended High Mightiness. The contralto was wildly in love with Signor Cenci, and the shining brown eyes glittered with fervid meaning whenever they met, on the stage or off it. The dreamy, amorous darling of the ladies was being rapidly driven into a phantasy by this Cleopatra-like woman, when Fate stepped in and whirled the Italian tenor off to Persia, leaving Mademoiselle Pierremont frantic and desolate.

Signor Cenci was idolized in the Shah's capital. Indeed, he had one of those faces which on the stage floods the gentlest virgin heart with unrest. He looked like a picture, he moved like a patrician. He claimed to be a descendant of the Cenci; and connoisseurs in London and Paris of the highest breeding pointed to the wonderful cover in his features a family likeness to the famous picture of Beatrice by Guido Reni in the Barbarini Palace. Others, again, saw in him a striking resemblance to Raphaele. Most men, however, agreed that he was remarkably like the world-famous tenor Mario, both in voice and face. It would be difficult to accord any tenor higher praise. It implied that women whom he wanted to love him always did so.

Signor Cenci was a bashful man, on the whole. He shrank from the overtures of amorous admirers by which he was everywhere assailed. He had been very nearly in love with Rose Pierremont, the (brilliant American contralto); because, when a daring, self-willed, beautiful woman like her falls in love with any man, escape from her is a difficult task. He would have been ingulphed in the quicksand of her passion, had not fate providentially interfered in the person of the Shah.

Winter is the fashionable season in Teheran, the unhealthiness of its climate in Summer causing the greater number of its inhabitants to leave. Even in the Winter it is a cold and cheerless place, with little of the semblance of a royal city. In Summer it is a floral paradise to which Moore's famous line:

"There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,"

is by no means inapplicable.

One evening, just after sunset, Signor Cenci had been wandering around the suburbs. It was in the fresh, verdant luxuriance of Spring. The Shah and his court had gone on a tour. The opera troupe had followed the setting sun. The eminent tenor alone lingered. There was something in the fragrant spontaneity of Teheran's blossoming which reminded him of his native Roman hills. Perhaps there may have been another lodestone. Appearances on this particular evening favored the supposition. Giacomo proceeded straight to a handsome villa, surrounded by leafy bowers. The windows were open. The tenor lingered around and peered curiously at the house. There were two persons within playing at chess with an earnestness and absorption that beckoned akill. The tenor never moved his eyes from one of the contestants.

From behind an adjoining tree another spectator silently watched the players. He was dressed in the coarse garb which bedecked a herdsman or nomadic agriculturist—an Iliyat, as the inhabitants of cities term those peculiar tribes. He was a young man of swarthy feature, with flashing, fiery-black eyes.

The chess-players were a white-haired veteran with a beard of patriarchal length and a young girl of singular beauty. Signor Cenci played a strong game at chess; but his thoughts were evidently far from the game at present. Jelal the Iliyat knew nothing whatever of chess; but his outward eye and the eye of his soul, like the outward and inward eyes of Giacomo Cenci, were alike glorified by the radiant vision of Zilda Nisami, the daughter of old Hamet Nisami, the most skillful chess-player in Persia, as well as a dignitary of the Shah.

Jelal the Iliyat had never expected to see such a picture outside of his Mohammedan paradise. Giacomo, the prince-singer of Rome, had never seen anyone so beautiful as she who sat there over the board, unconscious of the burning admiration she was creating.

She long, dark-auburn hair, hanging after the Persian fashion in two enormous curls upon the billowy bosom, the delicately pencilled eyebrows meeting in the centre, the long kohl-stained lashes, the pearly teeth, the transparent skin, the beautiful hand, the gracefully arched neck, the gem-like ear—all these charms were united in the rarest loveliness. The taper fingers of the maiden as they occasionally hovered over the chess-board showed that they were tipped with henna. Her veil was thrown back in the imagined privacy of the chamber, so that both our loiterers were afforded an uninterrupted gaze.

"Mate in three moves!" said Old Hamet. "Zilda, my child, thou hast played ill-judgedly this evening."

The girl raised her head with an expression of weariness, and her glance fell upon Giacomo. She pulled down her veil, and the tenor, seeing himself discovered, stepped up to the door and presented a document from the Grand Vizier. It was a Persian letter of introduction. Hamet Nizami welcomed the visitor warmly. He had heard him sing, and he had been informed of his rank in Italy.

The old man and the singer played at chess, and the younger man was beaten, but encouraged.

"Chess is the oil and the balm and the wine of human existence," said the grave old enthusiast. "It gladdens the heart of the lowly, for he feels that there is one possession of which the tyrant cannot bereave him. Chess hurebieth the mighty, and breaketh his pride like the brittle spear in the day of battle. Chess, like death, levels all before it, and reminds even his celestial majesty the Shah upon his diamond throne that he moves upon the same board of action as the humblest Iliyat or pawn. Chess, O my son! contains a remedy for every earthly ill except sickness and death."

"Surely not, O Father!" said Giacomo, glancing timidly at Zilda, who had now raised her veil.

"Zilda, my daughter," said the old man, following the glance, "tell our visitor the legend of the Arab chief."

And with maidenly grace she rehearsed the story of a young man greatly addicted to chess, for which his sire without effect rebuked him. Finally he was sent on upon an errand of trust bearing a bag of gold. The son mounted his steed and departed. The father sent after him a party of Arabs disguised, directing them to rob him, bind him upon his horse, and bring him back a prisoner. 'Then we shall see how my chess will help him.' The young man, happening to look behind, saw a band of pursuers mounted on mares fleet as the winds of the Zahara. He formed a resolution immediately, and led them craftily into a rocky defile, difficult of access and of passage, and then, adroitly leaping from his horse, escaped on foot with safety.

"What did chess avail thee then?' asked his father when he returned.

"'Verily, to chess alone do I owe my escape; for, bearing in mind that important maxim of the game to give up a piece to save the mate, I sacrificed promptly my horse (knight), and thus redeemed both life and your treasure.'"

Zilda's narrative was like a fairy tale told by a soft voice. It was the sweetest music Giacomo ever had heard.

"I shall come and play chess every day!" he said when he took his leave.

He went every day and studied chess; and when the old man took a nap he studied the Gulistan, or Rose Garden, by the Persian poet Saadi, which Zilda knew by heart.

Events march quickly beneath the sway of the Shah, and to lovers occasionally this is a particularly acceptable characteristic of despotism.

His Majesty, returning to Teheran, and hearing that the Italian tenor was making love to the daughter of old Nizami, sent an officer to bring Giacomo into his despotic presence.

"What mean you with the girl of the cypress waist and the almond eyes?" His Majesty asked.

"To make her my wife!"

By royal command the lovers were united at once, and left Teheran for Moscow and St. Petersburg a few weeks after. The pair of youthful lovers, so romantically paired, doted on each other with a sort of midsummer-madness. Until they reached Rome, two years afterwards, their lives had been one dream of unalloyed bliss.

One day in the Colonna Gardens Zilda recognized a face she had seen in Teheran. It was the face of Jelal the Iliyat. He had sold his possessions and wandered into the world for love—the terrible, undying love of the Persian. Poor Jelal! He might not have heard of his countryman who fell in love with the impress of a woman's finger upon the wall, and who died for the feelings thus generated; but he had felt in his own absorbed heart that he could not live without seeing Zilda again. He had never spoken to her, but he wore next his heart a flower she had dropped, and he only wanted to let the withered blossom see its beautiful mistress again. He told the flower this every night, and he treasured it like a sentient thing, and caressed it and talked to it and wept over it, making it the symbol of his own yearning soul.

He did not presume to approach Zilda, nor to show any sign of recognition when he beheld her in the Colonna Gardens. There was simply a beatific depth of emotion in his eye, and he pressed the withered flower in its bag closer to his heart. He had waited in Rome for a year, and performed menial offices. Somebody had told him that the great tenor and his wife would be sure to visit Rome.

"Every artist goes to Rome," his informant had said.

And he had waited in that faith.

Recognizing her countryman, Zilda informed her husband; and from that day forth Jelal became a sort of *commissionaire* for the Cencis in the form of errands. He was thus frequently blessed with the sight of his soul's idol. Whenever she smiled on him in approval of his zeal and fidelity, he was fascinated as is the gazelle before the bright eye of the mountain panther.

It was within a few weeks of the beginning of Lent, and there were large numbers of foreigners in Rome. Among those who attracted a good deal of attention, not to say notoriety, was Lady Darlington, wife of Sir Richard Darlington, a reputedly wealthy and eccentric Englishman.

Lady Darlington's receptions, carriages, horses, dresses, diamonds, and Lady Darlington herself formed fruitful themes for criticism in French and British coteries.

Who was Lady Darlington, anyhow, before her rich, old husband conferred on her his ancient name? If the anxious inquirer had asked that question in a dozen saloons he would have received a dozen varying replies. One knew for a fact that she was a sensational novelist. Another had been informed that she had been an actress. And so the information varied until she had been a poor governess, a ballet-girl, an equestrienne, a lady with an iron jaw, a female pedestrian, the wife of a Spanish bull-fighter, *et hoc genus homne.* Nobody's story agreed with anybody else's.

One day Signor Giacomo Cenci met Lady Darlington on the Pincio. There was a start, a mutual recognition.

"My dear signor, how delighted I am to see you!" she cried, extending both her hands.

"Mlle. Rose Pierremont! What an unexpected and joyful surprise."

They stood and gazed at each other for a few seconds in silence.

"She has grown handsomer," he thought.

She looked at him with a sensuous glittering gaze that burnt its way to his imagination.

"You will come and see me," she said coaxingly. "We live in the Orsini Palace. I am Lady Darlington now."

"Certainly, with great pleasure," he replied; "to-morrow, if you will permit me. At what hour?"

"At two," she answered.

"Until to-morrow at two then, addio," he said gayly, removing his hat.

"Addio!"

He had not mentioned his wife; and as he walked home he wondered within himself whether it would be well to introduce his guileless wife to a hard-eyed woman of the world who had once nearly placed her heel upon his neck.

At a soiree that evening Signor Cenci and his wife heard Lady Darlington discussed. One Parisian gentleman "understood" that she was a Chicago young lady; that she had studied music in Rome; had made a success in opera ——

"Why, it must have been in your time, Signor Cenci! You have all heard of the Shah incident, of course? Signor, if I mistake not, you were present at the time."

Signor Cenci bowed, but spoke not.

"You knew quite well, signor," continued the exasperating Frenchman, that it was rumored she was crazy."

The great tenor threw a swift, warning glance; the other took the hint.

"—— Quite crazy about the festive Shah's insult. Well, old Darlington the turfman came along and she married him. She has proved a worse job to manage than all the stables he ever owned."

Signor Cenci would have sacrificed a good deal if he could have changed the subject. He made an attempt.

"What are the prospects of a brilliant carnival?" he asked.

"Do you know, Signor Cenci, what Lady Darlington did at a bull-fight in Seville? Have you heard of the incident? 'No?' Why, it set all Seville agog for a week."

"What did her ladyship do?" everybody asked.

"What did her ladyship do?" cried the Frenchman, repeating the conundrum in the most approved cork-opera interlocutor style. "Why, she threw her handsomely embroidered garter to a matador in the arena, who had been slightly injured. It made the fellow's fortune. I was present and saw it."

Laughter in various keys and titterings of varied kinds followed.

Signor Cenci kept his appointment. Lady Darlington, in a ravishing toilet, received him alone. She looked as beautiful as incarnate Sin—as soft and velvety as the leopard that caresses to betray.

They talked of old times—of Auld Lang Syne, as her ladyship phrased it.

"Do you still play chess, Signor Cenci?"

"Occasionally with—ah—that is, I seldom find an opponent."

The name of his wife—the word that would have brought to him salvation—was on his lips. He repressed it.

"Let us play a game, will you?"

"Most willingly."

They set down to a game. She played well, and the pretty movements of her head and neck, and the hot, passionate glances which repeatedly met the dreamy, amorous gaze of Cenci formed a sort of sorcery that undermined the well-springs of his being. The game was a prolonged flirtation on her part. The man lost his head.

"Checkmate!" she cried at length.

"Ah! you play splendidly," he cried gayly.

Lady Darlington burst into tears.

Cenci was astounded, dismayed, profoundly moved. A sensitive, sympathetic man under such circumstances usually makes an ass of himself. Signor Cenci was no exception in this instance. He put his arm around her, wiped away her tears, and spoke kind, soothing words. Then she told him of her unhappiness, of her wretched alliance with a prosaic old man, of the wasted affection of her young heart.

The man listened as one who dreams. He forgot all about his beautiful Zilda—so tender and loving that she could weep over a bruised flower. He forgot all but that lovely woman in deep distress was before him, and that his heart was awakened to impassioned sympathy. Before he left the house he had breathed his love. The artful woman's mastery over him was complete.

And all the time he never so much as alluded to his wife. Lady Rose Darlington knew all about Zilda—had seen her in the street, but she was too profound a strategist to mention her. She loved the man—she had come to adore him—wildly, passionately. It was enough for her that he played Romeo to her Juliet.

It is the easiest thing in the world to love two women at once. A plurality of loves is only so many approximations to the ideal. As a brilliant woman of our time has said: "To love but *one* were to show a shocking lack of appreciation of nature's infinite variety. Constancy is the worst possible compliment a blockhead can pay to the *beau sexe.*" Signor Giacomo Cenci had probably never heard of this theory; but he found its practice the easiest thing in the world.

All Anglo-French Rome was discussing the peculiar relations between Lady Darlington and the eminent tenor; yet poor Zilda never heard of it or suspected it.

Jelal the Iliyat, however, was on the alert. His whole soul rose in mad rebellion against the perverted, prostituted homage of Signor Cenci from the peerless Zilda. The man dogged the singer like a sleuth-hound—pressed the withered flower closer to his throbbing heart; and bought, with some sequins Zilda had bestowed on him, a long, gleaming knife.

One night at the opera Zilda noticed a gorgeously dressed, low-browed, dark-haired woman gaze on her husband with the most passionate admiration. The woman occupied a stage-box. The lovely, sylph-like wife of the tenor had observed the same homage from Beauty's eye in St. Petersburg and in Paris. It had not made her jealous. On the contrary, it had made her happy. All women are disposed to felicitate themselves when they are the envy of their sex, and Persian women are no exception to the rule.

As she sat and watched the fiery worship which scintillated from this woman's eyes, she almost pitied her; but when she saw her husband throw a meaning look into that stage-box, she started as if she had been struck a cruel blow. She felt—she knew—that she had a rival in her husband's affections. He was not all her own.

She did not breathe a syllable to him. She practiced the silence of her race, and a watchfulness not their's. She noted his hours of absence. She saw that he was regular in his irregularities. Wrapped up in her heavy veil, she watched him enter the Orsini Palace. And day after day she prayed to Allah to give her patience and strength.

The Iliyat saw his worshiped idol grow paler every day, and he saw her unhappiness. He talked so much to the withered flower, and he whetted his knife so often, that his feelings were excited to the wildest pitch.

During the carnival this vengeful spy had seen Signor Cenci and Lady Darlington driving and pelting candies on the crowded Corso, while his adored mistress pined in loneliness in her chamber. This man, light-footed as a cat, subtle as a fox, watched the pair at their revels—watched them on their balcony—climbed up and watched them at their chess.

And there was the idolized Zilda weeping at home!

He contrived to gain admittance to the Orsini Palace, and among its galleries and tapestries managed to conceal himself.

It was the last day of the carnival. The tenor had been at the Palace since noon. Jelal had lain in concealment twenty-four hours without food. His gleaming knife was in his breast, the faded flower touching it. The lady and her lover played a game of chess in the evening—just as he had seen Zilda and her lover play in Teheran. He could see the impure coquetries of the pair where he lay. The Demon of Revenge was in possession of him. He crawled up in the shade with the knife in his hand.

"Check!" said the lady, moving the knight.

The tenor jumped up with a wild shriek.

"O God, I am killed!" and spoke no more.

The woman fell upon his breast and fainted. Jelal the Iliyat stole unperceived, and treading his way cat-like through the narrow streets, entered the presence of Zilda, prostrated himself at her feet and cried:

"Praise be to Allah! The light of your eyes and the sorrow of your heart is dead. Return to your native land and be happy."

And he held up the bloody blade. She gazed an instant, a look of supernatural terror in her eyes.

"Giacomo!" she cried, then quivered a moment, and passed from life into death. And Jelal, seeing her dead, sheathed his blade in his bosom.

THE CRUISE OF THE NANCY JANE.

The sky was dark, and the ironbound coast
Of Chelsea Pier loomed nigh,
When stout Ben Bow of the Nancy Jane
O'er the billows cast his eye;
But his eye returned, and its steadfast glare
At his nose's tip renewed,
For the cast came, too, that had dwelt therein,
Ever since the world it viewed.

Then a sigh he heaved o'er the Nancy's bows
With a wild, convulsive throe,
And he muttered words which I can't repeat,
For his speech was somewhat low.
Then his glass he seized, and he looked again
With an anxious gaze and keen;
But the inky flood he swept in vain,
For he couldn't sweep it clean.

And aye the frown on his brow increased
As he marked the driving clouds,
While dead eyes gleamed through the growing gloom,
And the air seemed full of shrouds.
Down into the fathomless deep he hove
The lead, with a seaman's prayer;
But the fathomless deep it proved indeed,
For there wasn't a fathom there.

Then murk and murkier grew the sky,
And fiercer roiled the tide,
And Sold Ben Bow was quite unmanned,
So he raised his voice and cried.
Unmanned was he, and he well might be,
For his men were all ashore;
And he cried aloud, for he cried "Ahoy!"
Till his cry became a roar.

"Ahoy!" he cried, and across the tide
"Aye, aye!" his men reply;
But never they'd answered yet as tars,
Though they oft replied "Aye, aye!"
For, though as staunch as tars may be,
Each day saw new disasters,
As the Nancy Jane was a brig, d'ye see?
And none can serve two masters.

Then his mate drew Ben aside, who seemed,
As the crew said, "much consarned,"
For oft his shaggy brows he knit,
And his eyes at times he "darned."
For the dreaded blow seemed near at last,
As his hoard of choice Havannas
Had all been "smoked," so his mate opined,
To judge by the Customs manners.

But higher and higher the waves ar

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC PET.

It has long been a conviction of ours that the photographer should be counted an important factor in the dramatic problem. He exerts, certainly, a potent influence upon the destinies of many young women who adopt the stage as a profession. It may be a desirable thing to know how to act—to possess the power to create a character and to be able to delineate it with artistic force and finish. It is well enough, no doubt, to have genius and culture and experience. But it is an open question whether all these things combined are of as great advantage as the ability to be variously, repeatedly and successfully photographed. In the case of the young lady herewith introduced to your notice, photography has certainly done wonders. Her face was her fortune. Nobody, we believe, ever accused her of being a great actress. She played Juliet once to Henry De Lacy Muggins' Romeo, and displayed, on that memorable occasion, photographic possibilities which insured her future. Straightway the market was flooded with her pictures. Such a sweet, expressive, beautiful face attracted attention from the first. Young men bought her photograph and hung it up in their rooms. Old men bought it and carried it around in their pockets. Nobody knew anything about the original except that she was Amanda Mandaverau the actress. The picture-dealers announced that fact, and so Amanda's name and fame went abroad. She had thousands of admirers who had never seen her. She gave up acting altogether, and devoted her talents exclusively to the camera. She became the photographic pet. She was never subjected to surly criticism, never worried about engagements, never burdened with rehearsals. She made her mark by the photographer's art. We should not ask too much of human nature. If a pretty woman can be photographed well, and if the picture-dealers tell us that she is an actress, that should suffice. We should not ask her to act.

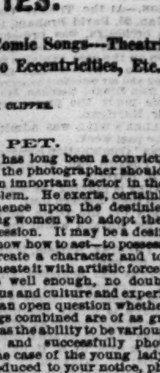
THE SWEETEST OF CLIMES.

DEDICATED TO MY BROTHER ALLIE, BY G. BARNES, PENNOCK.

The sweetest of climes is our dear native land,
That lies far across the billowy tide,
With its lush-tasseled meadows and green-hearted dells,
And th' sacred old homestead where loved ones have died.
How well we remember the clattering mill,
With its whirling old wheel through a tempest of spray!
The long, shady lane, where the birds whistled clear,
And lovers oft strolled at th' fading of day!
Chorus.—Far, far across the sparkle and foam
Of ocean's deep blue lives the little green isle;
My thoughts fondly wander to th' happy old home,
And sweet memories linger, my heart to beguile.

I love the sweet clime of our dear native land,
I love the green sod I loved when a child;
I miss the deep wood where in boyhood I strayed,
I long for the home o'er the watery wild.
Oh, when I'm through with this world of care
Make my grave in the land of the green sod and fells,
In the sweet little isle with its pearly sheen lakes,
Its dew-dappled meadows and green-hearted dells.
Chorus.—Far, far across the sparkle and foam
Of ocean's deep blue lives the little green isle;
My thoughts fondly wander to th' happy old home,
And sweet memories linger my heart to beguile.

"BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS."



"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN."

Do you know who this is? Is it possible that you can't make him out at the first glance? It is an humble apologist for the non-appearance of the prima-donna, who has suddenly been taken with a spasmodic affection of the larynx, and "cannot sing to-night;" or it may be that he is excusing the dilatoriness of some actor who has been snowed-up somewhere and couldn't make the connection. And, again, our friend may be accounting for the absence of the orchestra, who, unable to obtain their salary by reason of the "irregularity" of the treasurer, refuse to touch the trombone again until all arrearages are paid. The apologist is by no means a popular man. We have known him to be punished in a frightful manner by a disappointed gallery—yes, we have seen pecks of unbecoming eggs mashed all over him, and cabbages hurled at him so lustily as to unseat his wig and unhinge a shallop. You will not deny that the gentleman, got up regardless, presents a neat and clean appearance as he stands before you. He is now apologizing for the absence of Clara Louise Kellogg, at Booth's lyric temple, a couple of weeks ago, as you may remember. He is always full of resources. Should Miss Emma Abbott be taken suddenly ill, he brings forward the Jubilee Singers, and all is serene. Should John McCullough be detained at a banquet, he would fill his place with Cool Burgess, and claim the thanks of the audience for what he has given them. Should an alarm of fire take place while the house is in session and the performance going on, he will suddenly appear before the footlights and assure you that there is no cause for alarm, not the slightest danger, and considerately advise the audience to keep their seats, although the house is already getting too warm for them, and the fire-engines are on the outside, deluging the place with water. The apologist is a useful member of the troupe, and you will now hear him in his specialty.

SKATING ON THE ICE.

TO MY FRIEND JOHNNIE MCCARTY, WHITEHALL, BY JOHNNIE PRINDLE.

I come oud here to tole you a story,
And sing it along as I go,
Aboud a young fellow I meed in der city,
Und I dinks he vould make a nice beau;
For vhile I vas valk ub der street down
He vinked me like dot mid his eye,
Und says: "Stop, kliner Katie, vat ails you?
Don't be so bashful and shy."
Spoken.—Vell, I told him I don't got some dimes to stop, for I vas goin' righd away.
Chorus.
Skadin' on de ice,
Skadin' on de ice,
Mid all de poys und girls;
Oh! I told you dat vas nice,
Skadin' on de ice,
All de dime I come,
For I could skade de whole day long—
Yah, I told you dat vas fun.

He come ub und stood down beside me,
Und ve valked dill ve got near de ice,
Vhen he told: und how much dat he loled me,
Und said: "Dearie, von't you been my vife?"
I say: "I can'd told him just now,
For fader vould kick if I did."
For he dinks dat I vas a mere baby,
Und calls me his "dear liddle kid."
Spoken.—Yah, dat's so; he dinks I vas a paby. I vas a healthy-looking paby, I vas. But I don't care so long as I can hav' plenty of skading. Und so
Chorus.—Skadin' on de ice,
Skadin' on de ice,
Mid all de poys und girls;
Oh! I told you dat yas nice,
Skadin' on de ice,
All de dime I come,
For I could skade de whole day long—
Yah, I told you dat vas fun.

THE NEW PRIMA-DONNA.

All things considered, it is better to be a prima-donna than a prime-minister. More of the milk and honey of this world, to say nothing of the champagne and oysters, fall to the lot of the successful singer than to the mightiest of ministers. Money without stint, fame, flattery, newspaper notices, poodles, lovers, sore throats, and other timely luxuries are always to be had by the prima-donna. She is cultivated more assiduously than a hot-house plant, and every blossom she puts forth is cherished with untiring care. It has been our good fortune to recently discover a brand-new prima-donna. This lady not only possesses remarkable vocal powers, but she is also extraordinarily beautiful. You perceive the impression which she has already made upon the gentlemen of the company. She has fascinated them all, and finds it a perfectly simple task to hold four of a kind, spellbound, all at once. It may interest the profession to know that this latest and brightest star in the operatic galaxy has been secured only by a princely outlay of money. The terms upon which we have engaged her are these: She is to have all expenses paid, including board for three waiting-maids, nine servants, six Scotch terriers and a pet elephant; special trains on all railways when she travels; the privilege of publicly horsewhipping any newspaper critic whose printed opinion may displease her; the undisputed right to be afflicted with sore throat as often as she feels so inclined; an extra reporter to travel with her and interview her at least once a week; and one hundred and five per cent. of the gross receipts. This, we modestly submit, is as liberal a contract as any prima-donna can reasonably demand. It illustrates the spirit of the age as well as the magnanimous treatment which all artists receive who appear in THE CLIPPER VARIETIES. Our only real anxiety is with regard to the health of the six Scotch terriers. Should any one of these precious animals be taken ill, it would seriously affect the prima-donna; and if she dog were rash enough to die, that sad event would necessitate a canceling of the engagement. Let us hope the terriers will be spared.

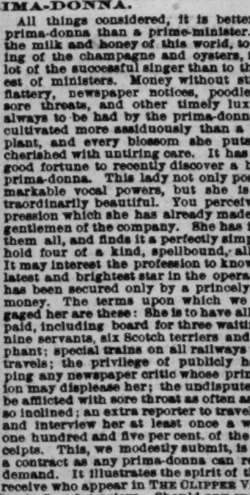
LOVE ON THE BRAIN.

BY ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

Is it very funny
Folks in love will fail,
Some for lots of money,
Some for none at all—
Some because the fashion
Bids them so to do,
Some with tender passion,
Full of love so true?
Chorus.
Love on the brain, love on the brain,
Everyone's got it—that is quite plain;
Some it costs nothing, some lots of gold—
Love on the brain hits the young and the old.
All the girls are sighing
Just to have a beau;
Time is swiftly flying,
Love is sweet, they know;

Pretty little misses,
How they sigh and pout;
They could live on kisses
Daily in and out.
Chorus.—Love on the brain, etc.
Youth or age neglects,
Cupid holds them fast;
Binds with golden tether
One and all at last;
Hearts with him are bubbles
Blown upon the air;
'Mid the wide world's troubles
Love is everywhere.
Chorus.—Love on the brain, love on the brain,
Everyone's got it—that is quite plain;
Some it costs nothing, some lots of gold—
Love on the brain hits the young and the old.

A TOUCHING SCENE.



You see here one of the most effective and affecting scenes in a new society drama which is to be brought out at an early date in THE CLIPPER VARIETIES, and which bears the suggestive title of "Susan's Seventeen Suitors." The gentleman now upon his knees is suitor No. 13. The other twelve have been variously disposed of in the earlier stages of the play. Four more suitors are to follow, but by far the strongest situation in the drama is that presented by No. 13, who pleads his case in a truly pathetic manner. No. 13, it appears, is an artist—an artist in the dress-making line. He has studied under Worth, in Worth street, and received the degree of D.D., Doctor of Dressmaking) from Laboudree. He is a young man of irreproachable habits—habits which are the envy of all the feminine portion of humanity, and which sell frequently for a thousand dollars each. Moreover, he is a pattern of propriety and the latest fashion, and a model of politeness and the dressmaker's art. And yet the unsusceptible Susan refuses him! In vain does he get down on his knees, at the imminent peril of his immaculate trousers, and plead with the cold-hearted beauty; in vain does he remind her that by accepting his suit she will insure herself suits for life, of the most approved cut and workmanship; in vain does he tell her that if she wastes her sweetness upon another she will be forced to go outside the family to have her waists manufactured. Nothing moves the flinty Susan. Her coldness cuts No. 13 to the heart, and makes him temporarily oblivious to the cut of even his charmer's dress. She scorns his proffered hand and openly declares that she doesn't care a D.D. for his title. It is truly a pathetic scene, and cannot fail to bring tears to the eyes of all who feel for the lover and the artist.

THE OPENING BILL OF THE HOWARD ATHENÆUM, BOSTON, MASS.

P. J. Parkman of Boston, Mass., who attended the theatre on that occasion, sends us a copy of the house-bill so far as the list of company and officers and the casts of the plays are concerned), which he still has in his possession. The Millerite Tabernacle, in Howard street, had been abandoned in 1845, and shortly thereafter W. F. Johnson, W. L. Ayling, Thomas Ford and Leonard Brayley secured a lease of it, transformed it into a theatre, and opened it under the name of the Howard Athenæum Oct. 13, 1845. This theatre was burned down Feb. 25, 1846. The present theatre was built upon its site, the corner-stone having been laid July 4, 1846, and it was opened Oct. 5 following. Of those who took part in the performances, E. N. Thayer died in Philadelphia, Pa., April 4, 1870; W. F. Johnson died in Milwaukee, Wis., July 17, 1859; Aaron J. Phillips died here in 1846; W. L. Ayling died in Boston, Mass., Sept. 15, 1857; G. C. Howard is still before the public; David Whiting is in temporary retirement; T. G. Booth died in Toronto, Ont., Aug. 18, 1855; the Mr. Russell who played Trip was probably Harry Russell, now acting with Kendall's Comedy Company in the West; Mrs. Maeder is still before the public; Mrs. H. Cramer died in Morrisania, N. Y., May 30, 1868; Mrs. W. L. Ayling is living, and acts occasionally; Mrs. C. W. Hunt is now Mrs. A. J. Hammond, and residing in Forest City, Sierra County, Cal.

HOWARD ATHENÆUM.

The following ladies and gentleman form the regular stock company: Mmes. Maeder, Cramer, Ayling, Chippendale, Hunt, Walcot, Jones, Howard, Wm. Jones, the Misses Drake, Booth, Mace and De Lace, Messrs. W. F. Johnson, W. L. Ayling, C. Walcot, G. W. Jamison, J. A. J. Neafie, A. J. Phillips, D. Whiting, G. Howard, Sullivan, G. Booth, Taylor, Jones, Adams, Rescr, Parker, Munroe, Gilbert (J. G., but not John Gibbs Gilbert.—ED.), and Master Pope.

MONDAY EVENING, OCT. 13, 1845.

The evening's attractions will commence with Huber's grand overture "Le Lac du Fees." An opening address, written expressly for this occasion by F. S. Hill, Esq., will be spoken by Mrs. H. Cramer. To be followed by Sheridan's sterling comedy of

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

The managers respectfully inform the public that, in consequence of the non-arrival of Mr. Neafie from the South in time for this evening's performance, they have engaged E. N. Thayer (formerly of the Tremont Theatre, now of the Philadelphia Theatres) for this night only. He will appear in the part of Charles Surface in the comedy.

Sir Peter Teazle	W. F. Johnson
Sir Oliver Surface	A. J. Phillips
Joseph Surface	W. L. Ayling
Sir Benjamin Backbite	G. Howard
Trip	Mr. Russell
Sir Toby, with a song	Parker
Joseph's servant	Adams
Crabtree	Mr. Whiting
Careless	Mr. Sullivan
Rowley	Mr. Taylor
Moses	T. G. Booth
Snake	Mr. Binney
Lady Teazle	Mrs. Maeder
Lady Sneerwell,	Mrs. Chippendale
Mrs. Candor	Mrs. H. Cramer
Maria	Mrs. H. Ayling

After the comedy the grand overture to "The Bronze Horse" by the full orchestra. The evening's entertainments to conclude with the pleasant and amusant farce of

THE DAY AFTER THE WEDDING.

Col. Freelove	Mr. Howard
Lord Rivers	Mr. Binney
James	Mr. Whiting
John	Mr. Adams
Lady Elizabeth Freelove	Mrs. Cramer
Mrs. Davis	Mrs. C. W. Hunt

Director	W. F. Johnson
Stage-director	W. L. Ayling
Leader Orchestra	Mr. Mayer
Artists	Messrs. K. Jones and G. Curtis
Machinist	Geo. Conover

Directress of the Ballet, Mrs. C. W. Hunt
Prompter ..... W. G. Talbot
Properties ..... W. G. Talbot
Wardrobe ..... Mrs. C. W. Hunt
Decorations ..... Messrs. Whitaker and Dutton

BILLIARDS.

THE TOURNAMENT.

Sexton Enters Anew—Slosson Begins with a Run of 441.

Monday night, Jan. 20, witnessed the inauguration of the series of games for what is termed "the championship of the world." Special endeavors had been made weeks in advance to make the opening a brilliant one as regards attendance; and while scarcely two-thirds of the invitations issued came back, the attendance was nevertheless large, and the ladies' platform, at the Fourth-avenue side of the Hall of the Cooper Union, was thronged. The contestants of the opening game were Jacob Schaefer and Albert Garnier. Their selection was a grievous mistake, upsetting the traditions of the past, and utterly ignoring the plainest dictates of prudent management. With Sexton sick and withdrawn from the tournament, Garnier, Slosson and Schaefer were in public estimation the strongest cards the management could command. Under the exceptional circumstances attending the gathering of this first-night concourse of spectators, the strongest attraction that ever handled cue could not have added twenty-five dollars to the box-office sales. There is never any interest in a tournament until it has been in progress several days. Had Garnier and Schaefer been kept apart until Monday, Tuesday or Wednesday of the current week, their game would have drawn hundreds of dollars into the box-office. It would have answered every purpose of wise management to have pitted either of them against Heiser or Gallagher, or even Daly, who had dropped out of public notice, and was regarded as having no show except for a minor prize. Indeed, as Heiser and Gallagher were both new to this city, it would have answered most purposes to have required them to play the opening game. It was placing Shaefer and Garnier at a disadvantage to make them start the ball. The table was new to both, and, assuming that Garnier really intended to beat Schaefer, they both had to risk defeat in order to acquire a familiarity with the table that either could have gained against Gallagher or Heiser without running any serious risk whatever. A graver mistake, inspired by a different motive, however, was made on Wednesday night. Taunted by the imputation that he was not really unwell, and approached on Tuesday morning by a Bostonian who, professing to "speak by the card," intimated that he could reenter the tournament if he wished to do so, Sexton late in the afternoon of that day consented to play. It is not material that he was required to sign a very humble and most humiliating application for reinstatement. This was printed in the two or three daily journals that had been hounding him ever since he had withdrawn, only one of which had the fairness to add that "Sexton looks very thin and pale, and is certainly not in the very best of health." The other daily journals refused to print the application, and referred to the other contestants that Sexton was really sick. That he was readmitted is proof that he was sick, for for them to consent to let him in while he was in health was for Slosson, Schaefer and Garnier to jeopardize their joint certainty of winning the first prize ($1,000). Having eaten his humble-pie by signing that petition for reinstatement, Sexton ventured, inasmuch as he saw that it was designed to deny him grace and make him play at once, to request that, as he had had no practice, and was also physically unable to play with any effect, he should be pitted against as weak an opponent as possible, to begin with. Instead, they stood him up against Slosson, who in Sexton's opinion was the strongest player in the tournament. This was unjust to both. It was the first game of either upon that table. With both in good condition, either was liable to beat the other more then half the game. Sexton had done that to Slosson in matches, and it is infinitely easier to do it in a tournament; for in the latter there is nothing directly at stake, and there are practically three different ways of winning any heavy prize, while in a match there is but one way to win the stake. To the man who is badly beaten in the first game of a tournament it is a game absolutely wasted, as, sitting down while the other plays, he has little or no opportunity to familiarize himself with the table. After it had been decided that Sexton and Slosson should begin against each other, something totally unexpected occurred. There is much doubt as to whether Garnier really wished to beat Schaefer, who had made Garnier's room his headquarters, and had practiced with him upon a table furnished them jointly; but it is scarcely to be questioned that Garnier desired to beat Gallagher. As it happened, he failed to do it. This virtually throws Garnier out of the race almost at the beginning of the tournament. It is nothing but a series of improbable ties can bring Garnier to the front again, one great element of local interest in the tournament is now lacking. The first prize at this writing lies between Slosson, Schaefer and Sexton. Such being the case, but two really interesting games remain to be contested—Slosson vs. Schaefer and Schaefer vs. Sexton. With proper management, Daly and Rudolphe —aided by games in which Heiser and Gallagher would have been the opponents of Sexton, Slosson, Schaefer, and Garnier—could have maintained the interest throughout the first week, which is always immomentous when there are seven or eight players. A programme of this kind would have left six interesting games—one for every night for the second week, viz., Garnier vs. Schaefer, Sexton vs. Slosson, Slosson vs. Garnier, Schaefer vs. Sexton, Sexton vs. Garnier, and Schaefer vs. Slosson. Rudolphe or Daly might do better during the first week than Sexton or Garnier. Public interest would at once transfer itself to Daly or Rudolphe, and in the second week one of these two could play at night, Garnier or Sexton going on in the afternoon games. As it now is, some player or another has got to turn a somersault, or the interest will be dead until Slosson and Schaefer or Sexton and Schaefer play.

Before beginning play on Monday night, this startling resolution, which covers Joseph Dion, though it was meant to apply to Sexton alone, was penned by someone, and was handed for publication in the dailies, but it is to be recorded that but two papers could be induced to give publicity to it:

Resolved, Any player who shall be guilty of dishonorable conduct, namely, affixing his signature to the world's championship roll of contestants, then withdrawing at a late day, thereby placing his co-contestants and the management in confusion, shall forever be debarred from playing for the emblem.

It is to be hoped that this will never be imitated. It is a harmless thunderbolt, a mere *brutum fulmen*. Neither Dion nor Sexton could be debarred from playing for the emblem, even though it represented but the "championship" of a street or an alley-way, to say nothing of a State or a country. This "resolution" professes to have emanated from the players. It emanated from no such source. As to Sexton and Joseph Dion, so it was new to Slosson until he saw it on the reporters' table, and new to Rudolphe until he saw it in one of Tuesday morning's papers. It seems not to have had the signature, even if it had the tacit endorsement, of any one of the seven contestants.

At last, or at half-past eight on Monday night, the tournament got fairly under weigh through Schaefer and Garnier stringing for the lead. Schaefer early got in a run of upwards of 100, which he followed with another, and from that point he had no difficulty in pressing slowly on to victory. Both played badly, and nothing but those two runs together made Schaefer's average all respectable. Garnier played better three-ball billiards five years ago than in this game, considering the chances Schaefer afforded him. In the score which here follows, as in all those that come after, the "averages" are given in the head-line, and the best run of each player is marked in the score by the same superior figures that designate his "average" in the head-line.

GAME NO. 1.—MONDAY NIGHT, JAN. 20.—AVERAGES—Winner, 19.11-31; loser, 13.26-31.

Garnier. Inn.	Com'd.	Tot.	Schaefer. Inn.	Com'd.	Tot.
1	11	11	0		0
5	6	17	145	152	19
5	20	37	29	39	20
5	30	67	2	291	21
5	31	98	0	291	22
7	34	132	0	291	23
7	16	148	0	291	24
7	23	171	45	337	26
4	4	175	0	337	27
2	2	177	0	337	28
2	2	179	1	338	29
7	5	184	2	340	30
0	0	184	7	347	31
0	3	187	1	348	

Garnier. Inn.	Com'd.	Tot.	Schaefer. Inn.	Com'd.	Tot.
17	4	191	1		1
19	8	199	13	362	
19	2	201	9	371	
19	0	201	0	371	
19	0	201	0	371	
19	0	201	0	371	
19	17	218	262	12	407
19	0	218	4	411	
19	5	223	76	34	487
19	28	251	77	10	513
19	0	251	0	513	
19	0	251	0	513	
19	0	251	0	513

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

EF A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to secure a reply.

Managers, Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Jan. 27.

LADIES' LIST.

Arnold, Grace (English p. c. m.)
Ashett, Marion 6c.
Abbott, Nellie
Allen, W. H. 5c.
Allyne, E. T. J.
Arimon, Chas.
Aitken, A.
Arnold, Chas.
Allerup, Peter
Brenner, G. Rich'd
Bacon, Frank
Brougham, John
Bergan, E. S.
Brown, Col. T. A.
Blanchford, J. (of Blackford & Bye)
Butler, S. (of Celebrated Female Minst.)
Booth, J. S.
Barnum, R.
Buffalo Bill Combination
Blanchett, C. E. (2)
Bell, Mr. & Mrs. Ada
Richmond's Co.)
Brazzier, Jas. T.
Bogardus, Capt. A. H.
Byrne, J. (of Smith & Byrne)
Brooks, Ellis
Bozenta, Chas. (of Modjeska's Co.)
Burton & Udell
Bayes, T. F.
Boudinault, Dion
Bailey, G. F.
Bradley, H. W.
Binney, ——— (of Gibson & Binney)
Bingham, ——— (ventriloquist)
Boyd, O. (of Boyd & Gardner)
Crumley, A.
Carling, C. H.
Cooper & Bailey
Cole, W. (2)
Cordova, Harry
Chapman, F. (of P. Davenport's Co.)
Campbell, Enrico
Converse, F. B.
Cohan, Tim
Cook, F. W.
Coolbrith, C. W.
Collyer, Sam 6c.
Curry & Hall
Corelly, G. (of Kellogg's Op. Co.) 12c.
Caron, J. (Portugal-o. n. Canada)
Cordo, De Witt
Carter, Billy
Cresswille, A.
Crimmins Bros.
Carson, Jr., Kit
Crumley, Robt.
Colvin, M. D.
Chaplin, G. D.
Colville, S
Cecil, C. C.
Dobson, Frank B.
Devere, Billy
Delaney, W. T.
Dickson, Mr. (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Deyo, G. W.
D'Artrey, F. W.
Dupres & Benedict
De Forrest, Fay Fox
Dillon, James & Susie
Duff or G. Rylands, F. B.
Davis, C. L.
Darton, Robt. 6c.
Donaldson, ——— (cannon ball "biz")
Dumont, Frank (2)
Devlin & Tracy
Dalton, H.
Doty, J. Arthur
Dutton, Wm.
Everett, Geo. (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Edwards, C. (of Clark & Edwards)
Edwards, C. N. (musician)
Edwards, A. G. (2)
Emmet, J. K. (2)
Elliott, W. T.
Fields & Hamlin
France, Sid
Freise, A.
Fox, Chas. F. (ventriloquist)
Frost, Hyatt
Fagan & Fenton
Forepaugh, Adam
Flood, John
Fessler, W. W.
Frayne, J. F.
Franze, G. (of Comique, Providence)
Fraser, Robt. (pantomimist)
Forepaugh, J. A.
Fanel, Dist. (of 5th Ave. Troupe)
Fox, Wm. (pianist)
Fisher, C. (song-and sketch writer)
Farree, J. W. 12c.
Franklin, W. C.
Gallagher, Wm. A.
Golden, R. (of Rice's Evang. Co.)
Gale, Walter
Gregory, ——— (of Wingfield & Ganey)
Girue, Prof. (of Royalton Museum)
Goodwin, Dick
Goodyear, C. W.
Golding, J. (English p.s. mark)
Graham, H.
Grady, G. G.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Gilday, Chas.
Gardner, Frank A.
Gaston, Albert
Gardner, Jr.
Gorman, Dick
Gardner, Chas. (Hop-light-Loo)
Godard, C.
Guerin, J. (of Gerin & Hayden)
German, A. Gallag her
Hall, James
Hamilton, Wiley (2)
Hall, J. Clinton
Heywood, Wm.
Harriman, C. A. (2)
Hunt, Wm. (of Hunt & Minst.)
Hill, G. A.
Hadley, J. Frances
Hanley, M. W.
Hinton, G. W. (Irish "biz")
Howard, Rollin
Hutchinson, J. L.
Hyde & Behman, 9c.
Harvey, J. H. (of Buffalo Bill's Co.)
Howerth, M. E.
Hilbert, Wm.
Hulbert, Wm.
Hedges, Lon (of Howe's Circus)
Healey, Dr. J. H.
Howell, Mr. (with Herman n) (3)
Hubbs, Al
Hubbard, F. J.
Hutchinson, J. (of London Circus)
Harris, Chas. (of Boscon, Mass.)
Horigan, W. W.
Holbrook, W. A.
Hunter, Geo.
Hyland, W. H.
Horton, Wardy
Hart, Frank I.
Hilliard, Fred
Harvey, John of Buffalo Bill's Co.)
Harkins, Will S.
Hodges, Jr.
Howard, Wm.
Ince, J. E.
Jackson, H. (of Jackson Gordon's Co.)
Johnson, J. (of Johnson & Bruto)
Jordan, M. J.
Jones, John
Reynolds, Granville
Robinson, John T.
Redman, Charlie
Runnells, Burnell
Ritlaw, W. H.
Reynolds, G. C. 6c.
Rogers, Jas. E.
Swain, Sam C. (2)
Steele & Sallie St.
Clair, Goldie
Sheridan, J. E.
"S. W." (4)
Sanford, J. L. (2)
Saterne, S.
Sebastian, Sir.
Stephens, S. T.
Sprague, D. J.
Sylvester, C. (of Sylvester & Everett)
"Star" (2)
Sellers, G. H.
Sinclair, Harry
Sheridan, Wm. & Frank
Smith, Sid (of Unknown Comb.)
Stanley, B (of Stan. Concert Co.) 5c.
Somerby, Chas.
Sanyeah, Saml.
Sheppard, Patsey
Stanhope, G. W.
Sir, Ormond, Harry (agent)
Sasman & Landis
Smith, E. E.
Searcy, Prof. Gilbert
St. Clair, Otto
Seely, Chas.
Sprague, E. W.
Stock, Jules (2)
Treville, Walter
Turner & Geyer
Thorne, Harry
Thome, D. S.
Turner, Rich'd (2)
Templeton, John
Turner, Geo. 5c.
Townsend, Tom
Thatcher, Richmond 5c.
Thompson, John (On Hand) (2) 5c
Van Ambergh Victorelli, H.
Weston, S. (of Clayton Weston)
Wilson, R. G.
Washburn, R. S.
Withers, J. (of Barnum's Circus)
Williams, W. (of Williams & Sally)
Warren, Prof. (musician)
Wade & Barrymore
Wilson" (3)
Williams, H. A. B.
Wallack, Watty
Welch, C. (of "Continental 3")
Whettony, Leon
Whiting, Chas. & Annie
Watson & Ellis
Williams, J. H.
West, W. H.
Wilton, Punch
Weaver, John (of Milligan & Weaver)
Wilson, C. H. K.
Emmet's Co.)
Wheeler, Billy (of Rice's Circus)
Welys & Roby
Wis, Billy & Clara
Wingfield, John
Zegrino, Juan

Zoe, Mlle. 6c.

LADIES' LIST.

Florentine, Lillie
Farren, Ida (2) 5c.
Fairmount, Belle
Gilmore, Alice
Grant, Alice
Gordon, Marie (of Th., Bradford, Pa.)
Gilday, Fannie
Gilbert, Lottie (with Mad. Martin's Co.)
Hadin, Ella
Harrison, Alice A.
Herring, Fannie (2)
Hackwell, Miss M.
Hamilton, Annie (club-swinger)
Herbert, Amelia
Howard, Addie
Harland, Rose
Hunter, Lizzie (vocalist)
Hughes, Jennie
Hughes, Mrs. F.
Juntiren, Miss E. M.
Jordan, Lu-lu (of M'lle Comb.)
Kent, Minnie (of Coliseum, Detroit)
King Sarbro, Mrs.
Kirtland, Ella E.
Kimball, Jennie (4)
Leland, Jennie
"Lotta" Combination, Manager Lyon, Lotta
Lawton, Lu-lu
Larkell, Nellie
Leland Sisters (song-and-dance)
LaMane, Lu-lu (states "boi")
Leyton, Lillian M.
Leona, Lillie
LaMore, Martelle
Leonard, Eleanor
Leland, Rose (2)
Mortimer, Lu-lu
Markham, Pauline
Marsh, Jennie
Mack, Mrs. Mattie
Mallon, Mrs. Katie
Marshall, May (3)
Montague, Louise
Maretta, Rose
Nelson, Sara (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Norwood, May
Olson, Laura
Pearl, Maggie
Parker, Maggie & Kittie
Pomeroy, Louise M. (3) 6c.
Plimsoll, Flora
Price, Emma
Porter, Delia
Parker, Lizzie & Georgie
Reiffarth, Jennie
Robeson, Erba
Raymond, Ida
Rigle, Bertie
Stone, Amy
St. Felix, Mrs. M.
St. Leon, Gravia (water-queen)
St. Claire, Miss M.
Swain, Mrs. Sam C.
Shadelle, Mrs. F.
Swift, Sallie 5c.
Simpson, Ella
Sanborn, Ada (vocalist)
Selwyn, Blanche
Scott-Siddons, Mrs. 3) 15c.
Stanley, Mabel
Smith, Allie
"S. W." Miss
Stockton, Ella A.
Sparrow, Miss E.
Sheridan, Georgie
Tannehill, Mrs. Frank
Vincent, Helen (of Stevens' Co.)
Vogler, Mrs. Otto
Walton, Emma
Watson, Bertha
Wallace-Villa Co., Manager Agnes
Western, Lillie
Weaver, Jr., Mrs. Add
Watson, Mrs. Fred
Weiton, Mrs. Harry
Wylie, Billy & Clara
Zoe, Mlle. 6c.

[* This is one of the peculiarities of the new machine, which needs correction and revision. No real poet, bearing mind you, would take such liberties with his admirers as to break off thus abruptly in the most interesting part of an absorbing narrative, and leave the remainder to conjecture. Jim's efforts are now being directed in a channel whereby this back-action short-stop may be averted, and the smooth flow of rhythm and eloquence be permitted to roll on.—ED.]

A well-educated scoundrel submits this rather fishy question: "Was not the advertisement in a recent number of your paper, wherein a Mullett stated that he intends catching sea-lions, a mistake? Would it not be more in accordance with the eternal fitness of things if the sea-lions were to advertise that they were going after Mullett? Or, are the Mulletts of California the bigger fish of the two? My point is well taken. With the exception of Ohio, no State can compare with California in the bigness of its products. Its pears are enormous, and its two-pair and four-of-a-kind rake down the persimmons every time. Ohio may have the best of it as regards Theodore Thomas and its porcine productions; but when it comes to Mullett, California is *se plus ultra!* .....Another cold snap has made of a still more solid North as to have enabled the managers of more than liberty of the embargo it has placed upon their progress. Two theatres in Philadelphia closed last week, owing to the cold action of the Mayor and the chilling influence of youthful Christianity, who seem to be opposed to Arcadian sports and the Grand Central-ization of amusements in that city.....It is with gladness we are informed that Carlotta Addison's broken leg sawed off! The injury to the afflicted member, we are told, was caused by wearing her garters too tight. Her physician has given his order for the star to abjure, hereafter, the garter feature; so Patti will henceforth be looked upon as a member of the "Order of the Star and Garter."".....We have heard of another salutary order being made by the manager of a place of amusement in Pittsburg. He has given directions to kill anyone in his theatre who shall hereafter attempt to sing "Baby Mine." So, should any party be so foolhardy as to run counter to this managerial mandate, it will end in manslaughter as well as man's laughter..... And now the report has gone abroad that Kellogg the singist will, in the opera of Mignon, "introduce a real Arabian feat of standing on one foot," but the report is not correct. It seems that Clara and her ma were present at an exhibition where a celebrated stand-on-his-head-ist was giving a number of feats "equaled by few and excelled by none." Clara admitted her inability to perform the feat without a balancing-pole; her ma contended that, encased in her Mignon suit, and in defiance of spectators, Clara could do the act just as cleverly as the other gentleman. And from this little incident originated the antipodal rumor referred to.....The San Francisco Minstrels have been playing a tragedy which *they* call "The Two Cromloe." Here's ignorance for you. These gentlemen have been long enough in California to know that the proper classical title of the Shakespearian revival is "The Two *Dromios*." We don't know which is the most "Comedy-ist of Errors," Shakespeare's or the Minstrels'.....Don't you think it rather presuming and uncalled for in G. Melville Brown, Esq., to come here at such an unseasonable time of the year, when our streets and rivers and icehouses are filled with ice and snow, and lecture on the Arctic Regions, as he did last Friday evening? Why not go to Florida and New Orleans, where flowers and shad are in bloom, and deliver his lecture there, where it would be better appreciated. This is too much, too much!

Let him go to the land of the flower and shrub,
Where butterflies rise from the unfish-bed grub;
Wh re bufaloes roam through the wild orange-grove,
And the colored folks live in the bliss-ess of love!
Let him up to the south pole with Kane and Hall's'm,
And there come the bees as around him they swarm,
But never, oh, never, again buckle down
And lecture on ice-bergs to sz. Melville Brown.

(*It is barely possible that the bubble no longer frisks in the everglades of Florida, but we have no time to look for a directory of that State to verify or nullify our statement.—ED.).....

Since Madame Anderson accomplished that walking feat by means of her walking feet, others, of both the female and un-fee-male persuasions, are endeavoring to follow in her footsteps. A pedestrian, while passing Bloom's theatrical hair-dressing establishment, the other day, froze to a pair of tights. He escaped the gallows by stating that he was walking a thousand miles or so on a wager, and didn't know he had the tights. It was the walking feature of his performance that preserved him intact.....You may always know when any of Manager J. H. Haverly's stars are to visit us, for, having something good to offer the public, he loses no time in making public announcement of the fact. He billed Philadelphia, recently, for his Mastodon Troupe of Minstrels. What was the result? Houses crowded from ground-floor to roof, and the people want to know if they can't Haverly-ite more. This week he presents his "Dan-ites" party to our notice, at Booth's Theatre. Oh, no, Jimmy, they are not "cachy Danites," because the company is made up of Dans;" in fact, we are not aware that there are any of that name in the troupe.).....We don't believe Strakosch made much by his recent operatic spasm at Booth's Theatre. Mapleson took the cream off before the Strakosch-Kellogg Troupe got here, so all that the latter secured was a sort of skim-milk decoction..... Mrs. Eddy has "got the inside croole on the "Baba" family. Judge Daly having enjoined the Bowery management last week; and now, in the tender language of a more tender poet, we may say:

Mother, how still the "Baba" lies.

.....Our readers may be pleased to learn that no actress has been robbed of her diamonds since last week. This is another evidence of the civilizing influences of "Locke on the Understanding."".....It must have been rather uncomfortable in Cooper Institute during the billiard tournament there last week, for the papers announce that several of the players "froze" while playing. Cannot this be remedied in future?..... On reading a poster in front of the Globe Theatre, last week, "Our Jim" was surprised at the announcement "Unknown." The boy thinks it a funny sort of management that doesn't know what is going on at its own theatre. So do we. .....Let's get up a benefit for Wm. Vanderbilt. He says he has nothing at all, just now. This is lamentable. When William had means he was a liberal patron of amusements, and used to chip in for benefits whenever the boys called upon him. Let us help little Billy.....A good many whistlers and Uncle Tomasses are flying homeward from a foreign shore, the colored drama having fluctuated a little of late, rendering the demand for whistlers less urgent than it was last Summer, when the hot wave wafted so many from their own native hills. Why doesn't somebody bring "Uncle Tom" out here?.....St. Louis is being favored with an exhibition of female pedestrianism. Miss May Marshall is her name; and she is making better progress than even old Pilgrim made. But where is Chicago? Will she submit to this insult? Are there no females in Chicago who know how to walk? Is hostile and aggressive St. Louis to have a walk-over unchallenged? This were suicidal.

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

J. A. J. Neafie, the retired tragedian, is conspicuous among the many Yorkvillians who from a real estatish standpoint are earnestly discussing the rapid-transit problem.....The romantic drama of "Pauline" is in prospect of revival in the metropolis.....Mlle. Beatrice left a fortune of $75,000 to Frank Harvey, who had for some time been her business manager and was to have become her husband.....On Jan. 25 Max Goldstein became proprietor of *The New York Musik Zeitung*, as well as editor..... Mrs. Anna Newell, who comes to us commended by Boston, is to discuss "Paris and the French People" at Chickering Hall to-night.....Miss Martha Wren, a serviceable actress and a most acceptable vocalist, is again reported as too ill to resume professional labors.....The gentleman who visited Spencer, Mass., and opened himself "Jules Verne, Paris, France," turns out to be not the novel novelist, nor yet any other Frenchman. .....Mrs. Brown is dead. This one was long the companion of the Bowery Boy, Mr. Border Coutts. It may be remembered.....Mrs. George Vandenhoff and her pupils have been aiding homeopathy and its charities by giving readings and recitations in the assembly rooms in the Twenty-third ward, Brooklyn, lately.....Looking in fine form, Jeff Bryant was last week almost a constant attendant at the con-rious races for the Nursery Stakes, in Cooper Institute...The Cincinnati Musical Festival Association on Jan. 21 offered a prize of $1,000 for an original composition for the orchestra and the chorus, to be performed at next year's festival. None but an American can compete.....Not withstanding that she is rapidly growing old in the public eye, Lotta is still a pet with the ballet as a fairy. Once Pearl can never age in the eyes of the ballet, as a fairy. Once Pearl will be a middle-aged fairy in gay Paris.....Wilhelmj says that his 4-year-old daughter Ilma has a perfect ear for music, and has been playing exercises for violin since 2 years old; but whether "Ilma" will be a pet of castle pantaloons, or always wish to visit, is a matter of some doubt.....Joseph Wheelock is shortly to play the name "Daniel Archer" at the Broadway Theatre that he was cast for at the Park Theatre time or two ago.....It is related of Tiberius, otherwise the sardonic Sardon, that he is all pertarted when a new play from his noddle and library rest, and show them that Shakespeare and other writers of a past age are no longer looked upon as they once were; they, too, have been inurned, "and their works do follow them."".....They are becoming more pious in Philadelphia than they are in the sweetly-religious city of Brooklyn. In the Legislature of Pennsylvania two bills are now running a race for priority in going through. One is to regulate licenses and other matters connected with amusements, and the second is to prohibit public exhibitions on the Sabbath. Our German friends may interpose objections to the passage of the latter, as it affects them more directly than it does sacred concerts given by those "to the manner born."".....What a humiliating spectacle was presented in a Brooklyn court last week when that silent monitor De Witt Talmage, in a tilt with one of his dear brethren, was confronted by his own telegrams, wherein he sought to tempt a nephew of his to take part in a trick, a bit of deception, which should consign the guilty one to serve two years in a common jail or three years before the mast. The reply of the nephew was a crusher! He says to the evil tempter: "*Cannot permit the course suggested!* Frankness, earnestness and faith, WITHOUT DECEPTION, will command success." Verily, "how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless" nephew. Oh, but this should be a warning to all ministers of the gospel who pretend to expose crime and deceit in the metropolis, while at the same time they connive at deceptive tricks in the holy city of Brooklyn. We would much rather have lost the small finger of our left hand than that this terrible disclosure about the acrobatic declaimer should have reached the public eye......"Dr. Clyde" has opened an office at the Fifth-avenue Theatre, and hereafter prescriptions and certificates will be issued regularly. It is to be hoped that there will be no necessity for the advice: "Physician, heal thyself." "Our Jim" says that he once gave the same advice to a Fourth Ward rounder, and a good deal of trouble and bad *feeling* was the result of it. .....In addition to the inventions by Brother Edison, an improvement on the poetic machine has recently been invented by "Our Jim." It is what may be called a back-action look-stitch, and universal runner. It is as yet in an incomplete state, same as Edison, in New Jersey, and comes to a dead stop without any preliminary injunction. James, show the gentlemen what your little contrivance is capable of doing in its crude state:

POETRY ON AN INCLINED PLANE.

The rhinoceros stood on his two hind-legs,
The elephant stood on four;
While the hippopotamus would have stood upon five
If he only had another paw.
The hyena he laughed an exuberant smile
As he gazed on the famed learned pig,
And the polar bear whistled a comical tune
While he danced a pas de bear was the rig.
Oh, the monkey mewed softly, but said not a word,
As these feats were a-going on here,
"And the little dog laughed to see the fine sport"
Of the macaw's frisky bon ton.
Then the toad-stool sat down by a rippel-ing stream,
And he——

THE FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE was reopened Saturday night, Jan. 25, under the sole direction of D. H. Harkins, when the entire auditorium was filled by an enthusiastic audience. Very cordial greetings were extended to Charles Fisher, George Chaplin, Frank Hardenberg, Owen Fawcett and the Misses Laura Don and Ellie Wilton, the latter making her metropolitan debut. At the close of the second act of the comedy loud calls brought Manager Harkins in front of the curtain; but as he retired, after simply bowing his acknowledgements, more fervid applause, mingled with cries of "Speech," intimated to him that his friends in front expected an inaugural address. Reappearing, he said, in effect, that the largest portion of his professional career had been passed in this city, and that it would be his pleasure in future to labor for a continuation of the generous approbation which had hitherto been bestowed upon him. The attraction was a translation by Sydney Rosenfeld of L'Arronge's comedy of "Doctor Klaus," entitled "Doctor Clyde," and was cast as follows:

Mr. Samuel Meeker	Chas. Sneed
Richard Clyde, M. D.	Chas. Fisher
Higgins	Geo. H. Chaplin
Lord Hammond	F. Hardenberg
Tetbury Simms	Henry Lee
Owen Fawcett	
Barnes	Thos. Jefferson
Spriggs	Jas. Peakes
Jacob	W. R. Raynor
Waiter	W. McArtney

The plot, which is simple, affords an excuse for the introduction of many amusing scenes, laughable incidents and ludicrous situations, which provoked boisterous laughter and liberal applause. These, however, only occurred at long intervals, and were surrounded with rather weak dialogue, which, from its prolixity, wearied the audience and caused the comedy to drag during the first three acts. A vigorous application of the pruning-knife will, however, remedy this fault, and, after liberal condemnation shall have been accomplished, "Doctor Clyde" will, we think, become one of the most amusing and attractive pieces that have graced the local stage for a long time. The translator, who has had but little experience in writing for the dramatic stage, fell into the natural error of retaining the forms of expression used in the original dialogue, instead of adapting them to the idiom of the English language. At times his work partakes more of the nature of a novel or story than of a dramatic production. The main plot may be told thus:

Julia, the daughter of Samuel Meeker, an affluent jeweler in retirement, while on a Continental tour has been persuaded to marry Lord Hammond, an indigent and spendthrift nobleman. Mr. Meeker, who has preceded the young couple to his home, resolves that on their return they shall take up their residence in London in an expensive house which he intends purchasing for them. Julia and her husband arrive in London in a hansom cab, and the latter's condemnation is made when she does not like his idle manner of life, and insists that they shall go to Earlwood Manor, and that Lord Hammond shall personally superintend the management of his estate. Lord Hammond is about to comply with Julia and her father, for some time past, has been secretly paying his debts; but Mr. Meeker, who has an intense love for his daughter, does not prevent the disclosure. Dr. Clyde, a visitor at the house, and from his conversation he learns, not only what her husband would have been added to her, but also that his estate is so heavily mortgaged as to almost deprive him of ownership. Dr. Clyde subsequently brings about an interview with Lord Hammond, and by telling him that the owner of the mortgage upon Hammond's estate is about to foreclose it, and that a prodigal son of wealthy relatives, who is a barrister-at-law, arouses the nobleman's better feelings to that extent that he resolves he will at once go to work and retrieve the past. With his wife he goes to Earlwood Manor, and by his industry recovers his property. The comedy then informs of the plot concocted by Dr. Clyde, who is really his best friend; and being told that Mr. Meeker is still solvent, and seeing that his wife is happy because of his independence, he consents to reconciliation.

Charles Fisher was in his element as Samuel Meeker, the part fitting him to a nicety, and he invested it with gentlemanly ease and bouyancy of spirits. George Chaplin, who has increased considerably in avoirdupois during his sojourn in Australia, gave a natural and unconstrained portraiture as Dr. Clyde, although it may possibly be urged that he made too little allusion to deformity. Frank Hardenberg carried off the honors of the night by his capital embodiment of Higgins, Dr. Clyde's servant. His make-up was so grotesque that the moment he stepped upon the stage he was greeted with shouts of laughter. The dialogue assigned him is the funniest in the comedy, and is filled with malapropisms so far as the names of diseases and medicines are concerned. It is one of the best conceptions of character this excellent actor has yet given us, and it would be futile to attempt to describe it upon paper. Lord Hammond was quite satisfactorily acted by Harry Lee, a member of the Chestnut-street Theatre company of Philadelphia, loaned temporarily, so to speak. Tetbury Simms, who figures conspicuously in the early part of the plot as an embarrassed lover, was quite successfully delineated by Owen Fawcett, his appearance and acting being admirable. James J. Peakes did some commendable work in the brief part of Spriggs. Miss Laura Don's abilities found speedy recognition, but the character of Julia had not sufficient weight to display them at their best, though in parts she acted very well, especially in the last two acts. Miss Ellie Wilton, who in personal appearance somewhat resembles Miss Clara Morris, gave evidence of becoming a favorite. She was easy and graceful, and gave a charming impersonation of the quite, youthful and ingenuous daughter of Dr. Clyde. During the evening she was the recipient of numerous bouquets, and Manager Harkins should be not heavily taxed as Mrs. Clyde, but did the little required of her satisfactorily. Miss Mary Hill deserves praise for a conscientious embodiment of Margaret, a housekeeper who has grown gray in Mr. Meeker's service, and in consequence is allowed great freedom in expressing her opinions. It was a thoughtful and careful piece of acting. Among the minor characters, all of which received due attention, the most prominent was that of the Cook, acted by Miss Whitman, who gives good promise of future excellence in character business. Her make-up, costuming and acting were in excellent taste. The scales of prices of admission have been changed to this standard: Family circle, 50 cents; balcony chairs, $1; orchestra chairs, $1.25; admission to orchestra and balcony, $1; Parisian boxes, $8; proscenium boxes, $12. Stanley McKenna is the business-manager, F. W. Peterschen leader of orchestra, and W. C. Wemyss chief doorkeeper.

JOHN E. OWENS began an engagement in the Park Theatre Jan. 20, acting in "Dot, or the Cricket on the Hearth," which was beautifully mounted, all of the scenery being new and appropriate. The fairy prologue acted with this drama on its original production at the Winter Garden, in this city, in 1859, was retained; but, owing to a change in the popular taste, it has ceased to be attractive. The fairies impersonated, with a single exception, by very grown women, are most unfairly-like, and their singing a chorus to the music of "The Pirates' Chorus" in "The Enchantress" was inappropriate. Mlle. Sohlke, who is now quite stout, danced; but the limited portion of the stage that was unencumbered with scenery dwarfed her efforts. Three tableaux, representing Caleb's cottage in the snow, the happy home, and the interior, were well shown in an effective manner, and then the scene changed to the opening of the drama proper. John E. Owens' Caleb Plummer was so thoroughly artistic and natural, and his art was so well concealed, that his impersonation did not seem like acting. In his scenes with his blind daughter, Bertha, in the second act, where he describes to her the physical beauties of May Fielding, and in the last act, when he confesses to her the deception he has practiced in leading her to believe that Tackleton was a generous, kind-hearted man, who had surrounded them with comfort, thus inspiring her love for him, his pathos struck a responsive chord in the breasts of his auditors. G. W. Goulding's John Peerybingle was excellently well acted, and his make-up and costuming were admirably consistent. He depicted the nature of the bluff, honest and tender-hearted parcel-carrier with rare skill. J. G. Padget, barring that he somewhat exaggerated the disagreeable traits of Tackleton's character, was otherwise satisfactory. H. S. Duffield was frank and manly as the sailor-lover Edward Price, and was quite successful in concealing his identity while disguised as the old deaf stranger. Miss Minnie Palmer has hardly had sufficient stage experience to be entrusted with so important a character as Dot, and her impersonation was not entirely satisfactory. She apparently makes no effort to rid herself of a certain affectation of speech and manner, which mars many of her most efforts. Her singing was little feeling evinced in her delivery of the dialogue that the listener was impressed with the idea that Dot was insincere. Miss Sara Stevens, who played the blind girl, Bertha, when this version of the novel was originally acted, again did so in an intelligent and touching manner. In appearance she hardly realised the character, being too mature, and she did not choose to conceal her silvery tresses under those of a darker hue. Miss Josephine Baker acted May Fielding until Thursday night, when she was replaced by Miss Mabel Jordan, who presented a charming appearance, and gave the role an easy and graceful interpretation. Mrs. J. W. Brutone was fairly successful as Mrs. Fielding. Miss Ada Gilman deserves credit for her conscientious efforts to please as Tilly Slowboy, and she succeeded in eliciting considerable laughter. We may remark, parenthetically, that neither Miss Gilman nor Miss Palmer, to both of whom songs were assigned, should attempt to sing in public. The attendance was quite liberal during the week.

AT THE TIVOLI THEATRE a capital entertainment, appreciated by large audiences, was given last week, Georgina Smithson, who continued one of the chief attractions, then giving for the first time in America her pantomime sketch entitled "Mother Goose," in which she was assisted by James Holloway. Miss Smithson sustains all the characters but one in "Mother Goose." This she effects by quick changes in her costume and facial expression, and, commencing with Miss Perseverance (a young lady) and Mother Goose, rapidly works her way through the usual pantomimic parts, Columbine, Harlequin, Pantaloon, Prince Progress and Clown, introducing numerous songs and sayings illustrative of the various personages represented. Miss Smithson represented the various cleverly-costumed characters with vivacity, and her singing and dancing were also good. Jas. Holloway as the assistant sprite Telegraph executed his part well, and was much applauded in his skipping-rope act. The specialties of Ceol Burgess, Blanche Selwyn, Levanion and Watson, Frank and Josie De Forrest, Marie Destree, Young Hercules, Alice O. Ransom, the Devere Brothers, Wm. F. Collins and the American Four—Pettingale, Daly, Daily and Hoey—were other enjoyable features. Johnson and Bruno, Lula Delmay and H. R. Archer, Allie Smith, Rel Musels, Kearney and Powers, Ida Morris, Fanny Davenport and the Palmetto Quartet open here Jan. 27. Manager Jac Aberle's complimentary benefit will take place afternoon and evening of 28, and additional talent has volunteered.

AT THE WINDSOR THEATRE during the past week the management met with abundant support. The newcomers Jan. 20 were the Carroll Family—R. M., Edwin H. and Master Richard—in their sketch of "The McFaddens," which evoked the same amount of merriment it usually does; Harry and Fanny Osborne, who afforded an amusing illustration of Irish life and song; Queen and Bell, clever clog-dancers; Hattie and Bennie Grinnell in pleasing duets—and the former's figure was set off to advantage by the handsome costumes she wore in their sketch "Jack's Farewell to Polly;" and Carrie Lewis, serio-comic, also met with applause. The drama of "The Italian Padrone" concluded the programme, with D. A. Kelly as the Padrone. Cool Burgess, the Boisset Family, the Carleton Sisters, Sam and Carrie Swain, Lew and Pauline Parker, Haley and West, Emma Taylor, and the Milbons open 27.

"H. M. S. PINAFORE," Sullivan and Gilbert's comic operetta, was given at the Lyceum Theatre Jan. 23 by Rice's Burlesque Troupe, to a crowded house, and has since continued to excellent business. The original version presents a refined, humorous, musical conceit, ridiculing the administration of the British navy, in which the facetious lines of Gilbert and the scoring of Sullivan are joined with the happiest effect. It is best exhibited if given in a style of imitative seriousness, when it becomes irresistibly funny by its quaint and quiet humor, occupying the place of a charming little parlor opera with a strong vein of the ludicrous running through it. Several of the numbers are ambitious in form; there is not one but is attractive, and some are sure to be quickly popular. It thus has several features which will make it at once appreciated, especially by the more intelligent auditors. The story runs through two acts, with one scene—the deck of the Pinafore—and was given in THE CLIPPER at the time of its first production, May 25, 1878, it the Opera Comique, London, Eng., since when it has been one of the successes of the day there and in this country. The Rice Troupe take a different conception from the original, and give it with a decided burlesque flavor, which, however it may differ from the author's ideas, has found favor with the public. It most certainly loses in an artistic way by this change, and is diverted into a play of broad tomfoolery in which much of its force as a satirical story is wanting. Yet this very element of rollicking fun may suit many, and will probably appeal to a numerous patronage more strongly than the refined original, essentially a comic operetta, in which the humor is shown in a more delicate way, and not roughly exaggerated, but asking for some little thought to see its full force, and catering for a somewhat higher taste. The work is given almost in its entirety, and there are also introduced several new features, in the shape of taking songs (not by Sullivan) and dances. It has its merits, as given here, as a burlesque full of attraction, and there is a decided "go" about it, yet it can take but little credit as an exhibition of Sullivan's music or of the intentions of Gilbert's amusing lines. The cast includes: Sir Joseph Porter, Wm. Forrester; Captain Corcoran, John Vincent; Ralph Rackstraw, Louis Webster; Dick Deadeye, Henry Hunter; Bill Bobstay, Richard Golden; Bob Becket, H. Morse; Tom Tucker, Little Jessie Fortescue; Tom Bowlin, S. M. Crane; Josephine, Venie G. Clancy; Little Buttercup, George K. Fortescue; Hebe, Rose Leighton. The piece is well put upon the stage, and the leading members of the cast, Messrs. Fortescue, Hunter, Golden and Forrester, and the Misses Webster and Clancy, are particularly happy in their acting in carrying out the burlesque idea of this version, although not equally fortunate in their vocal expression of the score.

"THE COLLEEN BAWN" had an engagement at the Grand Opera-house Jan. 20, and during the week it attracted audiences that completely filled the auditorium, while on several nights all who applied for admission could not be accommodated. It is well mounted, many details were more noticeable early in the week having been corrected later. Dion Boucicault's Myles Na Copaleen was quiet, natural, and brimming over with dry humor. J. A. Kennedy gave an effective portrayal of Hardress Cregan. Danny Mann, as depicted by J. Wilks, was a specimen of strong character-acting which reflected great credit upon the actor. C. Decker as Kyrle Daly was unexceptionable. Vincent Hogan was also seen as a priest—Father Tom—and the portrayal vied in excellence with his previous effort in the same direction in "The Shaughraun." Ben Maginley emphasized the disagreeable attributes of Mr. Corrigan's nature effectively; Miss Ada Dyas gave an intelligent and refined interpretation of the role of Anne Chute; Miss Rose Osborn was scarcely at ease as Eily O'Connor, and committed the error of wearing her own blonde hair, instead of raven tresses, as referred to in the dialogue. No fault could reasonably be found with Henrietta Irving as Mrs. Cregan, and Mrs. Sol Smith is to be credited with a grotesque make-up as Sheelah and a creditable impersonation of the character. The minor parts were satisfactory, La Barrett being Bertie O'Moore; H. Victor Hyland, Corrigan's servant; G. Mordaunt, a Corporal; Cora Seymour, Kathleen Creagh; and A. Scallan, Ducie Biennerhassett.

THE "BABA" TROUBLES.—A hearing on the motion to make permanent a temporary injunction granted a short time ago by Judge Daly in the Court of Common Pleas, on behalf of Mrs. Henrietta E. Eddy, restraining W. E. Deverna, Mrs. Jane Deverna and Ferdinand Rosenfeld (manager of the Bowery Theatre), also the "Baba" Combination Troupe, from using or disposing of any manuscripts of the spectacle of "Baba," was had in the Special Term of the Court of Common Pleas Jan. 23. It was alleged in the evidence that Mr. Deverna had given the orignal French play entitled "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp," to the late Edward Eddy for the purpose of having it translated into English, and by Mrs. Eddy, and Deverna claimed that he had paid for the translation; but when the defendants' counsel was asked for a specific statement as to the time that Deverna had paid Mrs. Eddy for the translation, and the amount, he could not give it. After argument, Judge Daly decided to continue the injunction, and also required the defendants to furnish a bond of $5,000 to Mrs. Eddy as security for any sums derived from the past productions of the play which she might establish on the trial.

SAM DEVERE began an engagement with the San Francisco Minstrels Jan 20, and at once ingratiated himself into the favor of the audiences. His banjo-songs, with interpolated witticisms, created a most excellent impression, while his account of a One-pound-of-tea Chromo in his own sketch entitled "The Two Chromos" proved him to be a comedian of no mean ability. With the single exception of "Sweet Little Rose of the Lea," admirably vocalized by D. S. Wambold, the songs of the first-part were entirely changed, H. W. Frillman singing "Down Among the Cane," Raymond "Bonnie Sweet Bessie," Charley Backus dropping "Mary's Quadruped" for "She's Always Chewing Gum," Billy Birch described the woman that was "So Awfully Thin"—a contrast to his own rotund figure—and J. G. Russell coming to the front "Once Again." In the olio, the sketch of "The Broadway Milliners" and Charley Backus' imitations of popular actors and actresses were revived. Business continues good.

THE LINGARDS closed their engagement in the Broadway Theatre Jan. 25, "Les Fourchambault" continuing the attraction, save on Friday and Saturday nights, when "Our Boys" as played by the Lingards for the entire last Summer, was performed. Business fair.

GEORGE EDGAR is to act King Lear in the Broadway Theatre this week, and the company will be reinforced by T. J. Quinn, J. T. Swinburn, S. Doges, E. M. Day, F. R. Pierce, W. H. Collings, J. H. Rowe, S. P. Jay, D. H. Chase, Hart Conway, M. B. Curtis, Mr. Lyon and Miss Marie

McDOWELL'S COMPANY commenced an engagement of three nights and a matinee at the Royal Opera-house, Toronto, Ont., Jan. 20, when "The Shaughraun" was presented. That piece was repeated 22, "Rosedale" being the bill for 21 and matinee 22. The pieces were mounted in a handsome and appropriate manner. The company comprises Messrs. E. A. McDowell, J. H. Gilmour, Charles Arnold, Ferd Hight, Alfred Selwyn, J. H. Burnett, the Misses Fanny Reeves, Theresa Newcomb, Ina Clayton, Julia Davis, and Mrs. Harry Allen. Business large. Route: Guelph, Ont., Jan. 27, 28, Stratford 29, 30, St. Thomas 31, Feb. 1, Chatham 3, 4, London 5, 6. Irving's troupe of Japanese announced for Jan. 27.....Charlotte Thompson and combination held the boards at the Grand Opera-house all the past week to very light business, for which it would be hard to give a reason, as Miss Thompson gave a correct and forcible representation of the title-roles, and the support by the company was up to the standard of traveling combinations. "Jane Eyre" was presented Jan. 20, 21, and matinee 25. "Miss Multon" 22, 23, "The Hunchback" 24, "East Lynne" 25. Route: Toledo, O., Jan. 27, 28, 29, Detroit, Mich., 30, 31, and Feb. 1. The Martinez Opera Company occupy this house Jan. 27, for three nights, Genevieve Ward returning and filling out the remainder of the week. Letter dated Jan. 24.

"THE DANITES" attracted full houses to Theall & Carton's Novelty Theatre, Brooklyn, E. D., last week, the merits of "Standing room Only" being displayed more than once. The company have played together in this piece so often that the artistically smooth representation given was to be expected. McKee Rankin personified Sandy McGee with quiet manliness, while Kitty Blanchard invested Billy Piper with the settled melancholy inherent to such an unfortunate mortal. Louis Aldrich's Parson, C. H. Parsloe's Washee Washee, Louis Mestayer's Judge, Bessie Hunter's "Widder" and Maggie Arlington's Capt. Tommy are also deserving of especially favorable mention. The play was mounted with entirely new scenery, each set being appropriate, and the last, representing Billy Piper's cabin in Golden Gulch, with a mechanical waterfall in the background, was so pretty that the audience heartily applauded on the rise of the curtain. "Divorce" is announced for Jan. 27, with Katharine Rogers and Manager Carton in the cast.

"THE CATARACT OF THE GANGES" was played at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, during the week ending Jan. 25. It was fairly acted by Chas. Walcot as Mokarra, Harry Meredith as Captain Mordaunt, Geo. W. Howard as Jack Robinson, Atkins Lawrence as Ivan, Mrs. Chas. Walcot as Zamine, Miss Lizzie Creese as Ubra, and Mrs. E. L. Davenport as Matali. The setting of the play scarcely justified the bills in describing it as a grand spectacle. There was a small ballet, led by Irene Santella the first three nights, and Mlle. Elise the last three. Business fair. For the week commencing Jan. 27 Tompkins & Hill's "Exiles" will be revived.

"OURS" was given at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, last week. The production was not a very commendable one. W. J. Sheridan was a heavy and unimpressive Hugh Chalcote, and D. Gemmill had but a poor conception of Angus McAllister; Geo. H. Griffiths was a noble and dignified Sir Alexander Shendryn, and the name may be said of George Holland as Prince Perovski; F. B. Wilson was passable as Sergeant Jones; Lillie Glover was a lifeless Blanche Haye, but Alice Mansfield was a vivacious and in every way creditable Mary Netherby, while Mrs. Clara Stoneall was not strong as Lady Shendryn. Business moderate. "Ours" will be continued this week. This theatre is still offered for sale or lease.

AT THE NORTH BROAD-STREET THEATRE, Philadelphia, during the week ending Jan. 25, Miss Katie Putnam appeared as La Cigale in the comedy-drama of that name. Her impersonation differs materially from that of Lotta. Miss Putnam devotes more attention to the serious aspect of the character. In the course of the play she sings and dances neatly. She was fairly supported by J. Vinton Melton as Maurignon, Frank Wise as the Marquis, Geo. Gorston as Edgar, J. V. Daily as Duleure, Henry Reh as Carcasseone, Mrs. Jordan as the Countess, and Miss Maynard as Adele. Business very light. Miss Putnam remains another week, appearing in her new play of "Little Madcap." "H. M. S. Pinafore," by a company composed principally of members of the late Tracy Titus Opera Troupe, with Annie Pixley and J. E. McDonough added, is underlined.

D. J. WARREN and Lottie Wilson, Jas. and Lydia Sheeran, Minnie Lawton, Ida Siddons, Lillian Forrest, Al Weaver Jr., the Milxford Bros., and Styles and Manthorne among the attractions at Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, during the week ending Jan. 25. Leonzo and Ryan, Henry Carney, Geo. and Lottie Lambert, Williams and Edwards, Retlaw and Alton, and Mason and Wesley are the new faces for Jan. 27. Full houses rule here.

HEALY'S NEW YORK DRAMATIC CO. have been meeting with considerable success in the British provinces, and are now performing in Newfoundland. John E. Healy is the lessee and manager, and the company includes P. Nanary, acting manager; Chas. J. Fyffe, stage-manager; Giles Shixe, Chas. B. Hawkins, Phineas Leach, George Woodward, W. V. Ranous, Jay Ward, F. Smith, H. G. Curtis, Fred Falkland, Josie Loane, J. D. Parker, Lena Cartland, Ella Nichols, Annie D. Ware, Mrs. Morris and Jennie Stephenson. See advertisement.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" was played to moderate business during its second and last week at the American Museum, Philadelphia. For the week commencing Jan. 27 Imogene, supported by her own company in Robertson's comedy of "Nature," is announced.

A FIRE broke out in the scene-room of the Opera-house, St. Louis, Mo., on the afternoon of Jan. 23, which threatened at first to destroy the entire building, wrote our correspondent, adding: "Stage-manager George Berrell noticed a thick smoke issuing from among a large lot of scenes piled up against the rear wall of the stage, and immediately instructed a stage-hand to sound the alarm, giving his own attention to fighting the fire with the means with which the theatre is amply supplied. This and the fire department very soon extinguished the flames after they had occasioned a loss of about $1,000. The fire was caused by a break in the flue of the furnace, which is situated immediately below the scene-room. The loss, which consists mainly of mountains, rivers and drawing-rooms, is fully covered by insurance. None of the performers lost anything, although Ada Cavendish's wardrobe was in danger for some time. The debris of the fire was removed, and everything got in readiness for the evening's performance, which was given as smoothly as usual. Business was not very brisk during the week, owing, probably, to the fact that Ada Cavendish, the star, was an entire stranger to the majority of the people. 'Jane Shore,' which served to introduce Miss Cavendish, is a rather sombre production, and did not give the lady a good opportunity to display the talent she undoubtedly possesses. She was ably assisted by John Lane and the Opera-house stock company. 'As You Like It' was to have been acted 24, 25. For her second week Miss Cavendish will act Mercy Merrick in 'The Magdalen.'.....A very good business was done at the Olympic, where the Berger Family and Sol Smith Russell gave one of the best shows of the season. Mapleson's Opera Troupe opens 27, Lotta Feb. 3. Pat Short, business-manager, takes his annual benefit Feb. 7."

THE ELIZA WEATHERSBY COMBINATION, with N. C. Goodwin Jr., opened in Piper's Opera-house, Virginia, Nev., Jan. 9, playing three nights and a matinee to crowded houses.....12, 13, 14, Professor Taylor the magician performed to slim audiences.....15, 16, 17, 18, Alice Oates' Opera Troupe to standing-room only. The troupe play in Reno 19, thence to Eureka.....19, 20, 21, 22, a New York variety troupe play, and will be followed by Mme. Rentz's Female Minstrels.

AT THE OPERA-HOUSE, Galveston, Texas, Milton Nobles opened Jan. 20 to a large audience in "The Phœnix." Our correspondent says: "The dual roles of Carrol Graves and Jim Bloodsoe were played with great vigor by Mr. Nobles, and he has the advantage of being supported by an excellent company. Jane Coombs and company open Jan. 27."

AT BIDWELL'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC, New Orleans, La., Milton Nobles closed Jan. 19. Our correspondent says: "Miss Fanny Davenport became the stellar attraction 20, supported by the Olympic Theatre Company of St. Louis, in 'Pique.' The attendance was large, the support good, and the piece well mounted. Mary Standish was acted by Helen A. Tracy; Lucille Renfrew by Libbie Noxon; Aunt Dorothy, Marian P. Clifton; Dick Melville M. Steele; Jack Standish, Edwin Price; Mathew Standish, George Morton; Dr. Gossit, H. B. Norman; Raymond Lessing, J. L. Hay; Sammy Dimple, Charles Plunkett; Ragmoney Jim, L. F. Rand. Miss Davenport was well received and justly applauded. Modjeska will be the next star.....The Varieties Theatre opened its doors Jan. 20 to an immense audience, the attraction being Emma Abbott and the Parepa Troupe in 'Martha.' The prima-donna received liberal applause, sang with taste, and acted with fine discretion. Miss Montague's Filina won recognition. Mrs. Seguin was also well appreciated. Mr. Castle may have been in bad voice, but his efforts were not equal to the standard he had been expected to reach. The chorus was large and the orchestra too small. The season is expected to continue four weeks, and the seats sold in advance indicate that it will prove successful.....At the St. Charles Theatre the attendance has been variable, the changes of bill on several occasions drawing crowded houses. The Graves-Boniface Combination still remain the attraction, supplemented by Schoolcraft and Cloes, 'Lancashire Lass,' 'Don Cæsar de Bazan,' 'Kathleen Mavourneen,' 'Soldier's Trust,' 'Pocahontas,' and the sketches of Schoolcraft and Coes have comprised the bills."

MRS. HENRIETTA CHANFRAU appeared in the Grand Opera-house, Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 20, 21, 22, in "Parted," "The Woman of the People," "Price of a Life" at a matinee, and "Mary Floyd." The attendance ruled small. Robson and Crane as the two Domios in "The Comedy of Errors" played to good-sized audiences 23, 24, 25. Route: Memphis, one week.....John McCullough is billed to appear in the Masonic Theatre Feb. 4, 5, and J. K. Emmet 6, 7, 8.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT of Sam. T. Jack the Kimball's "Around the World" Combination is to play in Meadville, Pa., Feb. 3, Oil City 4, Titusville 5, Erie 6, Bradford 7, 8.....Mary Anderson is also to act, under Mr. Jack's management, in Youngstown, O., Feb. 10, Meadville, Pa., 11, Oil City 12, Titusville 13, Bradford 14, Erie 15.

THE WILLIAMSONS opened Jan. 20 in Memphis, Tenn., playing "Struck Oil" and "The Chinese Question" the entire week to good business. Their route is Louisville, Ky., 27, 28, 29, Indianapolis, Ind., 30, 31, Feb. 1, Dayton, O., 3, Springfield 4, Chillicothe 5, Portsmouth 6, Columbus 7, 8.....Robson and Crane open 27.

THE LOTTIE "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" COMPANY played at Wieting Opera-house, Syracuse, N. Y., 25, with a matinee for their business. Salsbury's Troubadors are announced for 28, 29, Rice Kibler 30, Emerson's Minstrels Feb. 1. Manager Hickey of the Park returned this week from Canada, where he has been managing Genevieve Ward.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Halifax, N. S., good business was done last week. "The Streets of New York" gave place to "The Dead Heart" 23.

J. B. ASHTON, character-actor, who was with Geo. Fawcett Rowe's company recently, impersonating Dan'l Peggotty in "Little Em'ly," is now at liberty. Also "Little Dorrit" Ashton, who has won considerable favor for her acting and singing in several leading parts. Mr. Ashton publishes a number of press-notices, which give him great credit for his performance as Peggotty.

THE ADELE WALLACK-VILLA COMBINATION played in Wabash, Ind., Jan. 23, 24, 25, and are to be in Marion 27, 28, 29, Hartford 30, Muncie 31.

THE FIRST ELKS' BENEFIT in Boston, Mass., and other amusements there during the past week, are thus reviewed by our correspondent, writing on Jan. 26:

The Boston Theatre was crowded to overflowing on the occasion of the first benefit of Boston Lodge, No. 10, B. and P. O. of Elks, the receipts from the sale of tickers reaching $7,000 and upwards. The programme was the most diversified ever offered in this city. It opened with an address by Frederick O. Prince, Mayor of the city, followed by an overture by the Boston Theatre orchestra, led by Napier Lothian, followed by the farce of "The Irish Tutor," acted by Dan. J Maguinnis, S. R. Springer, Harry Edwards, George Parks, E. V. Backus, Charlotte Blair, and Clara Bell; a recitation and aria from "The Enchanted Forest" by Myron W. Whitney; Brown's Brigade Band in the overture from "William Tell;" Tony Pastor's budget of comic songs; the trial scene from "The Merchant of Venice," acted by Louis James, Harry Edwards, A. E. Chipman, Mark M Price, J. W. Hague, H. A. Crisps, H. E. Chase, Charles Addison, Mrs. Thomas Barry and Miss Rachel Noah; German songs by Gus Williams; harp solo and harp and staff duet by Georgie Dean and W. F. Spaulding; tableau fifth of "Almost a Life," by Maud Granger Emily Rigl and Henry A. Weaver; a recitation of "The Little Hero" by Ed. J. Buckley; first scene, second act, of "Evangeline," by George S. Knight, E. A. Locke, W. J. Crosby in place of Harry Josephs (who was prevented from appearing from a severe attack of acute rheumatism) and Nat D. Jones; George Thatcher in "The Villain Still Pursued Her;" Alecia Jourdan and John F. Sheridan in "A Moonlight Flirtation;" the Delehanty and Hensler's white and black act; Harry Montague in his song of "Behind the Scenes;" Irish peculiarities by Kelly and Ryan; horizontal-bar exercises by Forest and Francis; Charles Vivian in vocalisms; Rel Sneath the fire-king in his salamander performance; and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" by the members of the Order. The musical portion of the entertainment was furnished by Kaplet's orchestra and orchestra of the Boston Theatre, John C. Mullaly and orchestra of the Globe Theatre, John J. Braham and orchestra of the Foston Museum, and Henry C. Wannamacher and orchestra of the Howard Athenæum. The members of the Executive Committee were aided by the different managers, printers, billposters and editors in making this one of the most substantial benefits the Order ever received.....The Bijou Theatre combined a good-sized audience 27 to welcome back Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight, who, with their supporting company, presented "Otto." The play is well remembered as having employed a numerical run at the Boston Museum in June last; and the present production calls for no extended comment, save that, as before, Mr. Knight is the life and soul of the piece, adding to its attractiveness by his remarkably fine and humorous portrayal of German character, nicely shaded, and, above all, unstrained and natural. The introduced specialties are as popular as ever. As before, he was supported by the characters of Lisetta, Old Bill and Mrs. Presly by Mrs. Knight, W. H. Partello and Mrs. D. R. Van Deren. The newer representatives of Dick Presly, Casper Becks, Benjamin Presly and Adolph Morton suffer by comparison with the former more sentatives, while the characters of Gottlieb Muller and Christine were improvements. Large audiences have been present during the week. Feb. 19 reappearance of Bellamy's Pavilion Troubadours.....At the Howard Athenæum the attendance was again large, but for the closing performance at night decidedly slim. The company go to Baltimore, Md.....Warde & Barrymore's Combination in "Diplomacy" commence an engagement of four nights 27.

"DIVORCE" was produced at the Newark (N. J.) Opera-house Jan. 20, 21, in an unexceptional manner, the company being a good one and all the accessories worthy of the play.....Kate Claxton drew fairly in "The Double Marriage" 22.

AT THE PROVIDENCE (R. I.) OPERA-HOUSE last week Charles H. Thayer's Company played "Baby" four nights to large audiences. The Boston Museum Company gave three performances of "Pinafore" to full houses.

IN MACAULEY'S THEATRE, Louisville, Ky., last week, Lotta played to large business in "Musette," "Zip" and "La Cigale." For her benefit night every seat on the first floor was sold two days in advance. This has been one of the most lucrative engagements she has ever played here. Nothing booked at this house for the next three weeks.....At the Opera-house J. C. Williamson and Maggie Moore are billed in "Struck Oil" and "The Chinese Question" for 27, 28, 29, Lina Tettenborn 30, 31, Feb. 1, Jane Combs week of 10, Modjeska week of 17, Criterion Comedy Company week of 24, Rice "Evangeline" Company week of March 3.....The Wallack Tripologue Troupe played to fair business in Davis' Theatre all the week. Nothing billed for next week.....The Wallack Troupe will be in Henderson, Ky., Feb. 3, 4, Paducah 5, 6, Jackson, Tenn., 7, 8, and will remain South the rest of the season. Lotta's route is Indianapolis, Ind., Jan 27, 28, 29, Lafayette 30, Terre Haute 31, Evansville Feb. 1, St. Louis 2, for two weeks, and Cincinnati 17, for two weeks. Letter of Jan. 23.

A DRAMATIC COMPANY is wanted to support the Lingards in Brooklyn, N. Y. See H. Lindley's card.

NELLIE SANFORD has taken so well that she has been re-engaged for an indefinite period with the Jarrett & Palmer Company in England. Kate Partington's Topsy and J. W. Smith's Lawyer Marks have also both won considerable favor. They can be addressed as per card.

A NEW COMEDY, entitled "Our Candidate," will receive its first representation at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the afternoon of Feb. 6, for the benefit of George W. Howard. It is written by a well-known Philadelphia journalist, and is based on local politics.

A COMBINATION is advertised for by R. Fitzgerald & Co., who also offer to supply managers with first-class performers.

AT THE EUCLID-AVENUE OPERA-HOUSE, Cleveland, O., the New York Criterion Comedy Company opened Jan. 20 in "Caste," "Our Boys" was presented 21, and the plays were alternated during the week. Company open 27, for one week.

J. K. EMMET and company played "Fritz" in Wheeling, W. Va., Jan. 20, 21, to large audiences. They performed in Chillicothe, O., 23, Springfield 24, Columbus 24, Dayton 25, and are to open in Cincinnati 27, one week.

THE CONDITION of the drama in Chicago, Ill., is made manifest in the appended letter from our correspondent, dated Jan. 25: "At Hooley's Joseph Murphy and company have had a fairly successful season, the auditorium on some of the nights being full. 'Kerry Gow' was presented 20, 21, and matinee 22. 'Shaun Rhue' 23 proved so successful that it remained the attraction the rest of the week. The support by W. A. Sands, A. A. Armstrong, Luke Martin, J. R. Spaulding, Hugh Fuller, E. Sprague, John Murphy, John Reynolds and Fitzpatrick, and the Misses Kate Fletcher, Virginia Bray and A. Lawrence was excellent. Joseph Murphy and company go to Milwaukee. An organization known as the Boston "Pinafore" Opera Company, who have just made a tour of Canada, open here 27 in 'H. M. S. Pinafore.' Bliss Whitaker has severed his connection with Hooley's Theatre. ..... At McVicker's there was a rather light attendance to witness the representations of 'Green Bushes.' The dual role of Miami and Mme. St. Aubert was creditably assumed by Miss Annie Graham. Geraldine was well presented by Affie Weaver, Alice Hastings gave life and animation to the role of Nelly O'Neil, Connor O'Kennady was forcibly portrayed by George Learock, while his brother George was personated with dignity by W. F. Edwards. The villainous role of Murtagh was strongly impersonated by J. B. Everham. The rest of the cast was satisfactory, while the mounting was, as usual, beautiful. Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson's play of "Two Women" is to receive its first representation on any stage 27.... J. H. Mountain has severed his connection with the Northwestern Railway as city passenger-agent, Ernest Vilet succeeding him in that capacity.....D. G. Sloane and wife arrived 21.....John T. Hinds was in Springfield and Decatur, Ill., the past week .....The John Dillon Company were in Kenosha, Racine, Rockford and Elgin the past week. Dillon quit at the latter place and returned to Chicago, having become 'indisposed' again.....The Zoe Gayton Troupe returned 20.....At Haverly's 20 the Kiraly Troupe begin a week's engagement, presenting 'Around the World in Eighty Days.' Feb. 3 the Gates Opera Troupe, for two weeks, the business-manager, C. S. Ammel, now being here."

A LARGE AUDIENCE witnessed the production of "A Celebrated Case" by the Collier Troupe in Fort Wayne, Ind., Jan. 21. Our correspondent says: "The play was well put on, and gave the best of satisfaction. E. K. Collier and Emily Baker were intense and powerful, Emily Baker as Adrienne was charming, J. W. Collier as Raoul was earnest and painstaking, and little Eva French made a hit. Chas. O'Brien did not appear here, owing to a slight misunderstanding, which, however, was settled before the company left.....The Academy was crowded 23 to witness 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' as given by the Gottschalk & Rial Combination. Their route from here is Fort Wayne, Ind., 24, Lafayette 25, Logansport 27, Danville, Ill., 28 Decatur 29, Bloomington 30, Peoria 31, Feb. 1, Pekin 3, Galesburg 4, Lasalle 5, Mendota 6, Aurora 7, Racine, Wis., 8, Milwaukee 10, one week."

GENEVIEVE WARD, supported by Milnes Levick and the Jarrett & Palmer Combination, reappeared at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 23 before a large audience in "Jane Shore," which was preceded by the cardinal scene from "Henry VIII," with Mr. Levick as Wolsey. "Jane Shore" was repeated, and "The Honeymoon" also given 24, the engagement closing with "Macbeth" 25. The New York Park Theatre Company open 27 for a week.

THE COLVILLE FOLLY TROUPE occupied the Leland Opera-house, Albany, N. Y., the past week, and made the hit of the season. The attendance throughout was large, notwithstanding an active dance in the princes' saloon. "Robinson Crusoe" was given 20, 21, "Babes in the Wood" 22, 23, 24, and "Oxygen" and "Blue Beard" 25. "Ours" will be presented by the stock company 27 for the benefit of a local military organization, and 28 Katy Mayhew opens in "Miss" for five nights.

"LITTLE EM'LY," by George Fawcett Rowe and company, materially increased business at the Pittsburg (Pa.) Opera-house last week. "Brass" was announced for production on the last three nights of the engagement; but, owing to the success of "Little Em'ly," it held the stage all the week to a liberal patronage. Mr. Rowe's Wilkins Micawber was a characterization of merit, and J. B. Ashton as Dan'l Peggotty, W. Shea as Ham, Lizzie McCall as Little Em'ly, and Mary Stewart as Mrs. Gummidge were all excellent. The Uriah Heep of W. H. Hamilton was at times too humble —otherwise it was a good performance. Praise is due the management for the superb mounting of the piece. The scenery was nearly all new, and that in the third act—the Canterbury Cathedral in a snowstorm—was highly creditable to Arthur Palmer the artist. The New York Criterion Comedy Company produce "Daisy" on Monday, and Mary Anderson follows, for one week, ans she will be succeeded by Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels.

LITTLE AMY SLAVIN is now fulfilling a successful engagement as Eva with Jarrett & Palmer's "Uncle Tom" Company in their tour through Europe. She can be addressed as per card.

J. W. BERKELEY can be engaged from Feb. 3 as stage or business manager; also to play leading business. See card.

MUSICAL.

CINCINNATI NOTES.—The concert at Music Hall Jan. 23 by Wilhelmj and the Thomas Orchestra was attended by an immense audience, and was in all respects a success.....The Remenyi-Rive-King Combination concertize at Pike's Opera-house 29, assisted by the Thomas Orchestra..... The Mapleson Opera Company begin a season Feb. 3 at Pike's.....Currier's Orchestra is playing regularly at the Tivoli, a large hall situated near the Music Hall.....The military band, with Louise Linden, saxophonist, give regular concerts at the Bellevue House.....George E. Whiting's regular organ concert at Music Hall took place 25.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTET CLUB of Boston gave a concert in Lehman's Hall, Baltimore, Md., Jan. 21 to a large audience. Mrs. H. F. Knowles delighted everyone by her magnificent soprano voice. They are billed in Richmond, Va., 27, 28.....The Fifth Regiment give another promenade concert at their hall on 29.....Both the rehearsal 24 and the concert 25 of the Peabody Conservatory of Music were well attended.

AT HAVERLY'S THEATRE Chicago, Ill., during the second week of Mapleson's Opera Troupe, business was even larger than in the first, the night of 22 and matinee 25 hundreds being turned away. These, with the night of 20, were the Gerster performances. The Hauk nights, 21, 25, were large, while the attendance 22 and 24, the nights of Roze, was excellent. The repertory of the week included "Rigoletto" 20, "Faust" 21, "Il Flauto Magico" 22, "I Puritani" 23, "Les Huguenots" 24, "Lucia di Lammermoor" matinee 25, "La Traviata" night 25. The troupe opens in St. Louis 27, thence to Cincinnati and Philadelphia, under J. H. Haverly's management..... The Holman Opera Troupe open in Hooley's Feb. 3 ..... The Oates Troupe same date at Haverly's.

IN ALBANY, N. Y., Remenyi, Julia Rive-King and others concertized in Martin Hall Jan. 23 to a fair-sized audience.....The Lilliputian Opera Company appeared in Gaiety Hall 24, to fair attendance. The attraction was "Jack the Giant-killer," which was pleasingly rendered by the clever little people and the giant Col. Orr. Admiral Dot, in addition, appeared as Toodles to the Mrs. Toodles of Jennie Quigley, both creating great fun therein. The same bill was repeated 25.

THE NUNO MALE CHORUS gave a concert in St. James Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 21, which attracted a large audience. They were assisted by Mrs. H. M. Smith's Company, which includes, besides that lady, a soprano; Jeannie Dana, contralto; Chas. H. Clark, tenor; B. M. Babcock, basso; and Walter Emerson, cornet-virtuoso.

FRANK GOSHA, teacher of the banjo, inserts his card in another column.

ROWE, music publisher, advertises a new minstrel overture, also music for amateur orchestras.

FRED AND TOM WARD, who can be addressed care of this office, would like to engage with a first-class combination. One is a leader of brass and orchestra, and the other plays the trombone and arranges. They also have a musical specialty.

FRANK B. CONVERSE, well known as the author of many standard works for the banjo, publishes a list of the same in another column, also of arrangements of popular music for banjo and piano, for several banjos and with orchestral accompaniment.

D. A. BENNETT, second-violin and alto or tenor, can be engaged. See card.

FIVE TAKING SONGS by T. B. Kelly, which are becoming popular, are noticed in his card on page where, among the titles are the ballads "I would I were a Child Again," "Be Young," written in the key of D, in 3-4 time, with a register from C below to E, "Sweet Little Rose of the Lea," another of the set, has been sung by Mr. Wambold of the San Francisco Minstrels for the past five weeks with effect.

THE CHASE CONCERT COMPANY gave performances in St. Paul, Minn., Jan. 20, 21. Our correspondent says: "The company, which was organized in Chicago, and is under the management of W. H. Chase. From St. Paul their route is Minneapolis, Jan. 22, 23, Hastings 24, Redwing 25, Eau Claire 27, Sparta, Wis., 28, Portage City 29, Oshkosh 31, Fond du Lac Feb. 1, Janesville 3, Madison 4, Beloit 5, Racine 6. The company consists of Mrs. Jennie May Jewett, soprano; Miss Mary C. Harrison, contralto; Frank Root, tenor; John E. McWade, baritone; Miss Kate Funck, violinist; and Miss Jessie F. Root, pianist.

BLIND TOM gave performances in Charlestown, S. C., Jan. 24, 25.

OLE BULL is spending a few weeks at the house of his wife, in Madison, Wis.

GEORGE BOWRON, musical director and solo-violinist, will be at liberty after Feb. 15. Address as per advertisement.

AL BAUR, whose address find in another column, publishes banjo and other music.

COLORED PERFORMERS are wanted to support Sam Lucas in a new musical drama, and E. W. Horace wishes to hear from what he would like to hear from Mmes. Selika and Fernandies. The season commences about Feb. 15. See card.

BLANCHE CORELLI and Henry Laurent will produce "H. M. S. Pinafore" at the Court-square Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 10, followed by Lecocq's "Le Petit Duc."

REED STRAIGHT, leader, composer and arranger, advertises his address in this issue.

FIRE.—Nordheimer's Music Hall, Montreal, P. Q., was damaged by fire Jan. 25 to the amount of $8,000. The building was insured.

LOUIS LOMBARD, leader of orchestra, now with the Waite Combination, can be engaged. See card.

AN E-TUBA-PLAYER and a valve trombone and baritone player advertise for engagements. See John Schwarzott's card.

S. S. STEWART has just issued his first publication for the banjo, "Home, Sweet Home, and Variations," as written and performed by E. M. Hall. This arrangement is calculated to have an active sale from its having been made popular by Mr. Hall. The price and Mr. Stewart's instruction rooms are advertised in another column.

"CAPTAIN BOUNTON ON THE WAVE," polka-galop, and the song "I'll Not Forget the One Who is All the World to Me," are published by C. M. Brinkerhoff, as advertised.

JOHN MAGEE, violin, guitar, banjo, jig, clog, and song-and-dance teacher, advertises in this issue.

"BOWING IN THE STARLIGHT" and other popular songs published by Frederick Blume are advertised in another column.

GEO. D. NEWHALL & CO., whose address find elsewhere, publish several songs by Will S. Hays and other well-known authors.

SHAFFER'S SWISS BELLRINGERS played in Portchester, N. Y., Jan. 23, 24, and are billed in Pawling 27, Paterson 28, 29, Dover Plains 30, 31, Amenia Feb. 1, Sharon 3, 4.

THE BERGER FAMILY performed the past week in the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, Mo. Our correspondent writes: "It is a matter of surprise that this troupe have not visited us before, for they certainly give an entertainment with which no one could find fault. The playing of the orchestra and silver-cornet band, Etta Morgan's saxophone solo, the singing of Louise Kemble, and the bellringing of the company were all appreciated and deservedly applauded; but the main feature of the performances was Sol Smith Russell, who seems to have an endless variety of character sketches with which to amuse his audience. A more finished artist in his peculiar line has never been seen in St. Louis, and the people seemed to appreciate that fact, for he was only permitted to leave the stage when too much exhausted to do more."

RICKETT'S banjos are advertised in another column.

LILLIE WESTERN is referred to Mr. Springer's card in this issue.

JAS. F. DAVIS, a musician, formerly a resident of California, who left there somewhere about 1863, is now being sought after by his sister. Any information can be sent to the address in Mrs. A. F. J.'s card.

A MUSICAL JUBILEE is to be held in the State Armory, Syracuse, N. Y., commencing Feb. 3, and continuing for one week. Gilmore's Band, consisting of forty performers, assisted by a chorus of six hundred voices, will furnish the music. An afternoon and evening performance will be given each day, except on the evening of 7, on which occasion a charity-ball will be given.

THE MARTINEZ OPERA TROUPE came to grief in Kingston, Ont., Jan. 22. They left for Chicago. Martinez left the party in Montreal.

IN RESPONSE to a request signed by a number of citizens and members of the Legislature, the Berger Family and Sol Smith Russell will return to Indianapolis, Ind., and give four performances Feb. 10, 11, 12.....It is expected that Camilla Urso and company will give a concert in Opera-house Hall 27.

"SOME PEOPLE," or "NOT A LITTLE THING," a new song by C. M. Wicke, and "Dancing on the Green," by Tommy Turner, are among the new publications of Geo. Molineaux. See card.

W. HEINRICH, leader, advertises that he can furnish six or more pieces for a circus during the coming season.

MIESELER'S SWEDISH QUARTET sang in Reading, Pa., Jan. 25, and are billed in Washington, D. C., Jan. 31, Feb. 1; thence South.

MUSICAL AFFAIRS IN BOSTON, MASS.—The compliment-ary concert tendered Laura Schirmer at Music Hall Jan. 23 drew a large attendance. The artists were Miss Ita Welman, Mrs. J. H. Long, Mr. Whitney, Mr. Eugene Bridgeall who was unable to sing, owing to a severe cold: Clarence E. Hay, basso; Mrs. C. W. Rockwood; the Schubert Vocal Quartet; S. Liebling, pianist; and Samuel L. Studley, accompanist.....At the annual meeting of the Harvard Musical Association held 20, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, J. S. Dwight; vice-president, Charles C. Perkins; treasurer, R. Lothrop Thorndike; recording secretary, Wm. P. Blake; corresponding-secretary, Dr. S. W. Langmaid; directors at-large, Chas. F. Shimmin and Dr. F. E. Oliver.....The annual meeting of the Boston Musicians' Relief Fund Association, which was chartered in 1853, was held 21, and the following officers elected for the ensuing year: President, Chas. H. Kichler; secretary, Wm. P. Nichols; treasurer, J. Thomas Baldwin; auditor, J. P. Endress; chairman of sick committee, Joseph P. Rametti. The first concert given by the Cecelia Club of Boston will give a concert for the amusement of members of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association at the hall of the Society 23.....The eleventh concert will be given in the Gaiety Theatre 27 by Mr. and Mrs. Howard Athenæus, basso-soprano and musical-glass performer; Henri Ballard, baritone; the Gaiety Theatre orchestra, led by Prof. F. A. Muller, and Fred W. Root, pianist.....The regular Sunday concerts at the Bijou Theatre will be given 26 by the Ninth-regiment Band: Miss Clara Upham, soprano; Master Charles Hopkins, violinist; Miss Lizzie B. Hawins, pianist; and the Alabama Jubilee Singers.....The Hyde Park Military Band, assisted by Prof. Leonard's orchestra gave two concerts at the Hebrew Fair 26.....The fourth concert by the Harvard Musical Association occurs in Music Hall afternoon of Feb. 4. Mr. Preston, Arthur W. Foote and G. W. Sumner play a sonata for piano and violin. Conservatory of Music give a violin, piano and vocal concert 30.....Arthur W. Foote, with the assistance of W. H. Fessenden, accompanies a concert at Mechanics' Hall Feb. 1.....The next concerts by the Cecelia Club will be given on Feb 7, 10.

VARIETY HALLS.

"IN THE TOILS."—In Philadelphia, on the night of Jan. 25, Sixty policemen, under command of the Chief-of-police, made a raid on the variety establishment known as the Arcade Garden, and arrested a large number of the audience, performers, and other persons connected with the house. Those of the performers who had that night made their first appearance were permitted to depart on reaching the station-house, but the majority of the persons arrested were locked up for the night. In the morning most of them were released on giving bail in small sums to appear at court as witnesses. Harry Guion, stage-manager, and some of the attaches of the front of the house were held in $1,200 bail each for trial on the charge of maintaining a disorderly house and public nuisance. T. T. Leon the acrobat was held in $800 bail for "cruelty to children" in employing Orville B. Leon, a boy under twelve years of age, in an acrobatic act. The boy was consigned to the custody of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Subsequently the Grand Jury found true bills against Henry D. Guion for maintaining a disorderly house; against Guion and Leon for employing the boy, Orville B. Leon; against all the attaches of the house who were arrested; and against two of the female performers, Annie Adams and Belle Vaskess, for aiding and assisting to maintain a disorderly house and public nuisance. Guion's case came up for trial on Friday, Jan. 24. The jury on the following day rendered a verdict of guilty. Sentence was deferred. S. J. Sherman and his son, Frank Sherman, the alleged proprietors of the Arcade Garden, who were held to bail some time ago on a charge of maintaining a disorderly house, were called for trial on the 23d inst., when it was discovered that they had skipped their bail. It is rumored that they are anxious to obtain the Grand Central Theatre, Philadelphia, with a view to running it as a first-class variety theatre. This rumor cannot be traced to a reliable source.

CLOSED.—Paddy Murphy, Lizzie Mulvey, Mlle. Elise, Manchester and Jennings, and the protean sketch of "Scraps"—presented by the Pathfinder Combination, consisting of Chas. S. Rogers and Mattie Vickers, Marie Jasper, Thos. Jasper, Clinton Jasper, and J. N. Rentfrow—were the principal attractions at the Grand Central Variety Theatre, Philadelphia, on the first three nights of the week ending Jan. 25; but on Thursday, Jan. 23, which was Benefit Night, Wm. J. Gilmore, the manager and proprietor, failed to appear. The musicians and performers came to the theatre in the evening, but, as nothing had been seen or heard of the manager, they refused to go on till they had received the week's salary which was due them. Consequently there was no performance on that night, and the house has remained closed ever since.

ARTHUR BOYLE (Harry G. Richmond) was to have been tried in Philadelphia on Jan. 20 for killing Daniel F. Archer: but his counsel asked a postponement on account of the absence of a man named McCullough, an important witness for the defense; so the case was laid over till Monday, Jan. 27. On that date the trial began. Considerable time was spent in securing a jury. The assistant-district attorney opened for the prosecution, and two or three witnesses were examined, who testified that Archer's death was caused by a blow on the head, and that both Richmond and Archer had been drinking before the occurrence.

FANNY LOUISE BUCKINGHAM, whose horse was recently levied upon while she was playing in Philadelphia, has made a final settlement with her creditor, and now enjoys possession of the animal. We understand that Miss Buckingham contemplates going upon the legitimate stage.

J. C. CURRAN, business-manager for Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, was notified last week, that unless the city tax of $10 for 1879 was paid at once, the theatre would not be allowed to open its doors that evening. Mr. Curran immediately tendered the money, but the Chief-of-police, acting in the absence of the Mayor, refused to receive it from anyone but Mr. Fox in person. Mr. Curran and his lawyer then visited Judge Elcock, and obtained from him a temporary injunction restraining both the Mayor and the Chief-of-police from interfering with the theatre on that ground, and it was open without a city license. The performance was therefore given on Tuesday evening, Jan. 21, without interruption. Mr. Curran subsequently tendered the money to the City-treasurer, who consented to receive it, and thus the Mayor was overruled.

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TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

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